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MARCH 16, 1957

The SPHERE

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– THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

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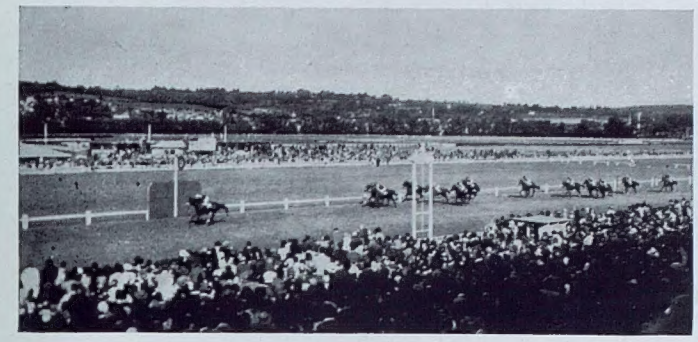

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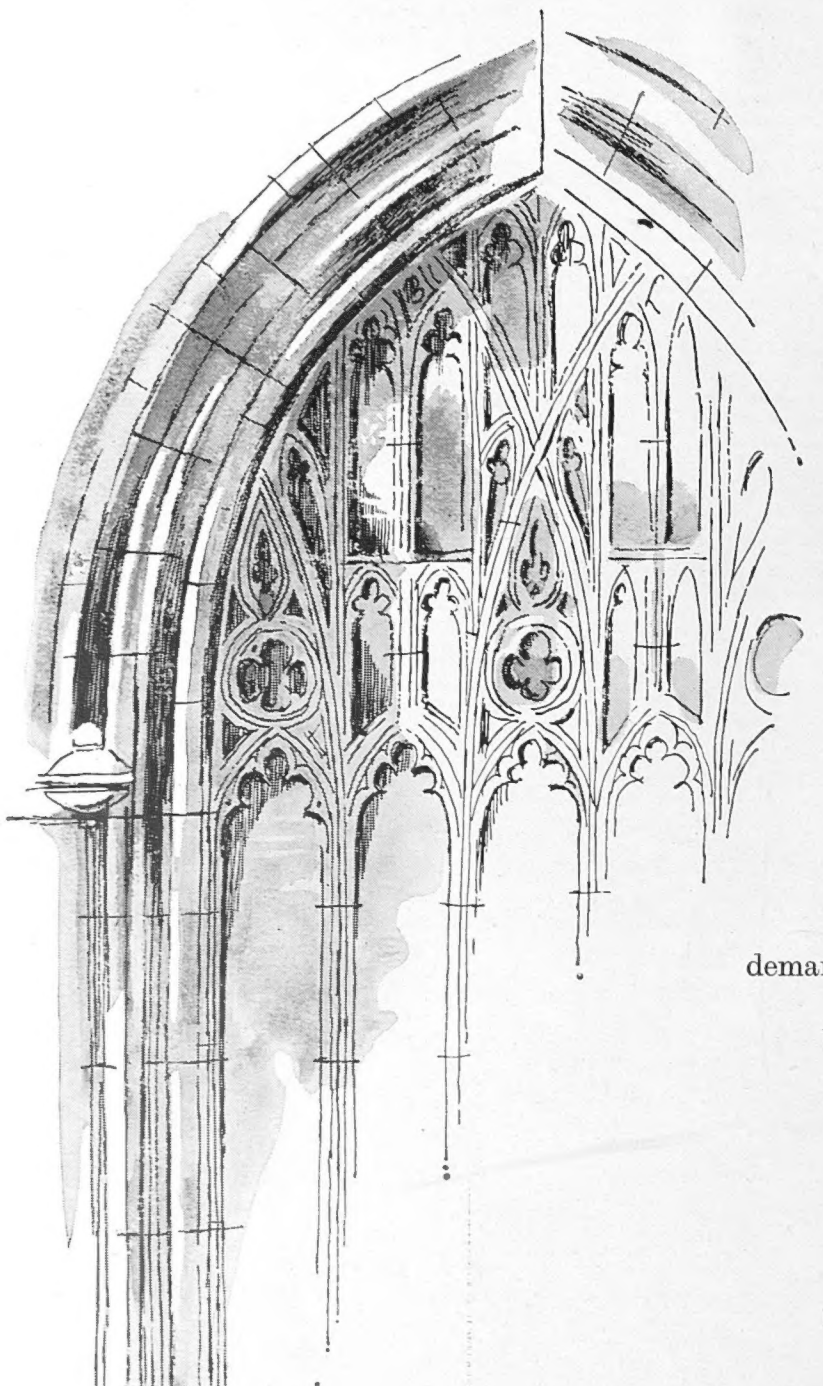

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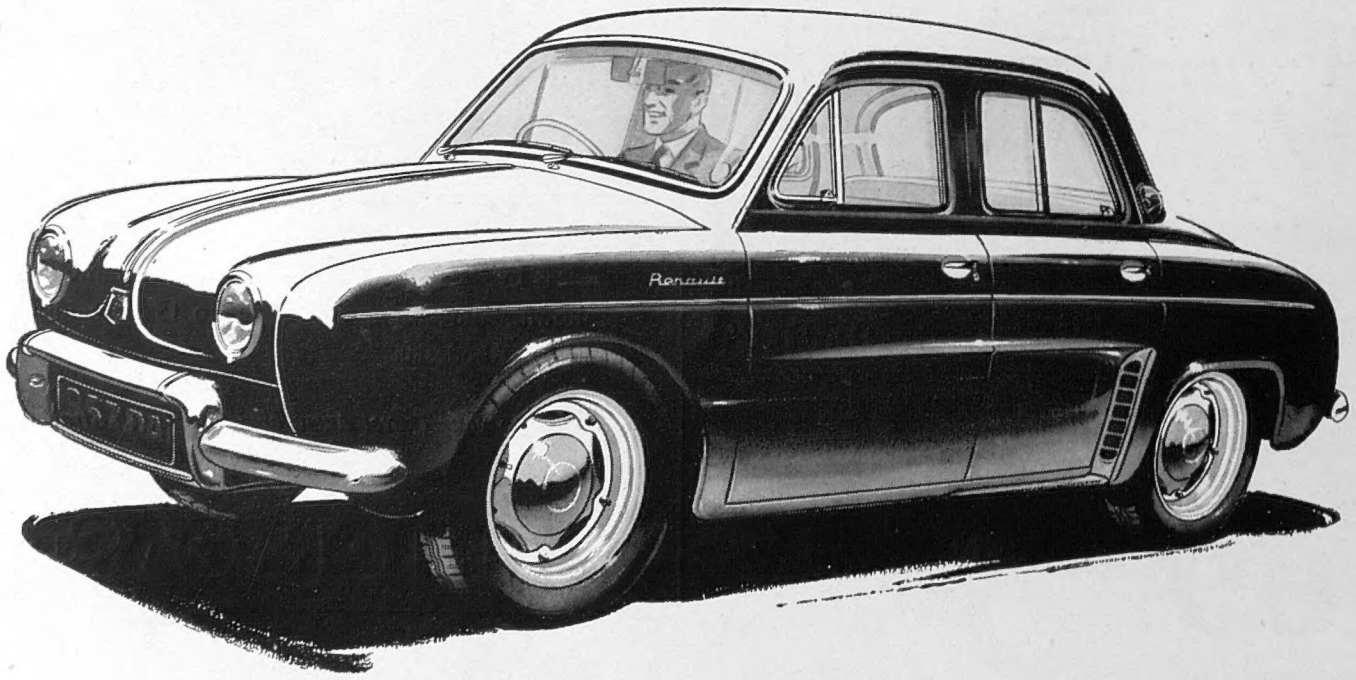

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Volume CCXXVIII No. 2972

The SPHERE, London, March 16, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

CRISIS IN GAZA—DEMONSTRATIONS FOR THE RETURN OF THE EGYPTIAN ADMINISTRATION: A portrait of Colonel Nasser and banners with pro-Egyptian and anti-Western slogans are carried in the town from which the Israelis withdrew last week. Right foreground is a member of the U.N. Force which took over control of the Gaza Strip. On Monday Colonel Nasser announced that he had appointed an administrative Egyptian Governor of Gaza to "take over his duties immediately."

Trouble was not unexpected in Gaza after the evacuation of the Israeli forces which had been in occupation there since the beginning of last November. The Israelis had set up under their own control a municipal government of local personalities. When the U.N.E.F. took over from Israel last week the future form of local administration became problematic, partly because it was not clear what powers the United Nations representatives had regarding the administration. Immediately crowds of Arabs started demonstrations for the return of an Egyptian administration. The most serious incident was when demonstrators attempted to enter the U.N.E.F. headquarters building where General Burns, the Commander-in-Chief of the force, was conferring. U.N.E.F. guards fired over the heads of the crowd and used tear-gas. There were no casualties. Next day President Nasser protested that U.N.E.F. was "overstepping its functions," and appointed an Egyptian administration for the Gaza Strip. This sudden action from Cairo at once created a grave international situation. (Further pictures from Gaza, Sinai and the Suez Canal on pages 421 and 431.)

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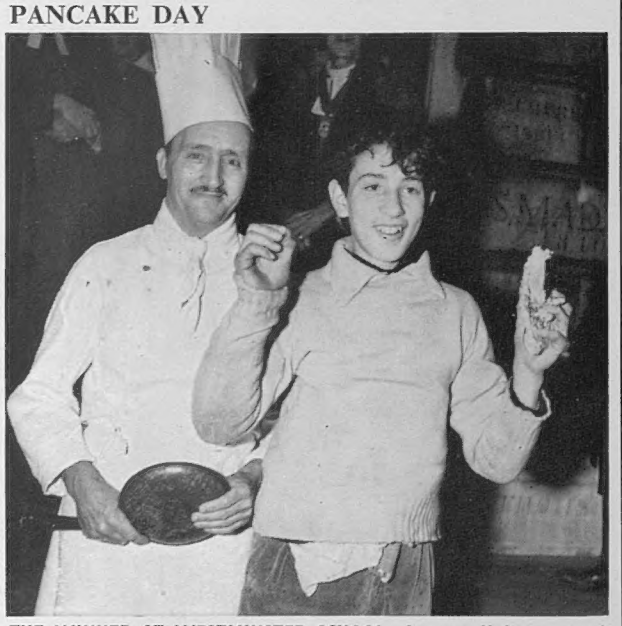
ROYAL VISIT TO THE NAVY

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ON HIS WAY TO AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: He is being seen off from Culdrose, in Cornwall, on a helicopter flight to H.M.S. *Albion* by Captain D. Vincent Jones, R.N., Commanding Officer of the R.N.A.S. station at Culdrose. The Duke landed on *Albion* as she reached the Lizard on her return from taking part in last year's Suez operations.

AFTER AN INVESTITURE

AN HONOUR FOR AN ADMIRAL: With his wife and two daughters outside Buckingham Palace is Admiral Sir Mark Pizey, Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth. He is holding the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the British Empire, which he had just received from the Queen at a recent investiture.

PANCAKE DAY



THE WINNER AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: Jeremy Holmes, aged fourteen, holds in his right hand the golden guinea which he won this year in the school's traditional pancake "scramble." With him is Mr. Sellars, the school chef, who tossed the pancake for which the boys scramble.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d,* 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.,* 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d. (or* $16), £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s., and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.* ($16.50 *cents in the U.S.A.*), £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. All terms above include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A Stand on Aqaba.—If Commander Noble in the U.N. Assembly did not go all the way with France in announcing our Government's stand on freedom of passage in the Gulf of Aqaba, at least he made a stand which the whole nation must have sighed for. He made no reference to the resort to action permitted by Article 51 of the Charter if free passage were denied to any nation's shipping. He relied on assumptions and optimistic expectations that no nation would dream of interference, even if U.N. forces did not fill the vacuum as Israel withdrew. Thus Mr. Ben-Gurion and our Government's U.N. mouthpiece alike rely on vague promises and assumptions, on good faith and international morality; and neither can base their optimism on very solid foundations. Words, threats and promises possess little worth if they carry no firm and ultimate means of enforcement, but sometimes even empty words are better than silence, and this is a case in point. I am sorry we are not shoulder to shoulder with France in this affair of honour, but I am thankful we march under the same flag. One thing seems certain enough to justify modified optimism. If the Egyptians begin their dirty work again and the U.N. flaps its hands vainly, President Eisenhower and the U.S.A. at least have committed his plan and his nation's honour to intervene instantly. Any hesitation would make a nonsense of the plan and a laughing-stock of the world's most powerful nation. That is a risk the President is unlikely to take, especially as his Middle East doctrine has been given its final approval by a very large majority in the House of Representatives.

A Party Stunt.—The public is probably sympathetic towards Ministers who are harassed by Opposition supplementary questions into saying more than they mean, or perhaps ought, either in irritation or nervousness, and the questioner usually is content to rejoice over a small point scored in a minor engagement. When such a departure from a brief can be interpreted as a pre-Budget disclosure, it may be used as a valuable weapon on a more important battlefield. Ministers and ex-Ministers are touchy about Budget disclosures, since in the past some such leakages have resulted in the resignations of ambitious politicians. That no doubt was the excuse for the Opposition's decision last week in Parliament to spend on a Parliamentary incident valuable time which would have been better devoted to a very serious subject—the whole range of the Government's social policy. Sir David Eccles is an experienced parliamentarian and perhaps allowed himself to be goaded into an indiscretion. There is, however, always a great deal of "speculation" (in every sense of the word) in the weeks before a new Budget, and anything which may lead the shrewd speculator to feather his own n. is readily taken note of. The public knows this very well, and is only inclined to brand it as shameful where it can be proved that those who have been entrusted with Budget secrets have taken personal benefit from their knowledge. Nothing of that sort was even vaguely alleged or suspected in this so-called "leakage." Accordingly, most of us must feel that the Opposition was wasting valuable time in pressing a trivial party advantage at the expense of its very proper function as an Opposition of ventilating matters of vital interest to us all. Taken to a division, the motion was handsomely defeated, the Liberal leader co-operating. A little frankness and humility on one side and a little breadth of mind on the other would have spared the House a sorry, time-wasting debate. How much better if both sides of the House had been able to spend the sitting discussing in a responsible way matters which demand the immediate attention of the nation.

Mr. Nixon Inspects Colonialism.—The *Daily Telegraph* had a sound and practical little "leader" last week on Mr. Nixon's visit to Ghana and his tour of Central Africa. It pointed the contrasts between the notions of our colonialism and Iron Curtain practices. Wherever he went, the talk will often have been of free legislatures, of safeguards for minorities and of hopes of economic expansion—for coloured men. In Bucharest and elsewhere behind the Curtain it is as much as white men dare to talk at all under the guns of foreign tanks. At Accra, Mr. Nixon found a people carefully raised, not without difficulty and dissension, to nationhood. The *Daily Telegraph* considered that if Mr. Nixon would bear these contrasts in mind and report to his fellow-countrymen, it would do good to Anglo-American relations and understanding, and possibly benefit the deliberations of the U.N. I venture a rider to that. A new nation, just raised "not without difficulty" to nationhood, has plenty of problems at home to cope with for years to come. The brotherhood of man as a global substitute for the world's navies grappling in the blue—of which Tennyson dreamed—is still a distant prospect. I cannot help feeling that many of these smaller nations, aiming at or now achieving their independence and sovereign rights and privileges, are too busy at home and too little experienced internationally to cope with the troubles of the Old World of power politics and are unlikely by their intervention in U.N. affairs to hasten or ease their final settlement. In other words, for the next few vital years, it seems to me, the U.N. should adhere more strictly to its original composition and functions, and the Security Council should surrender none of its responsibilities to the Assembly. The Assembly, composed very properly of nations big and small, with long experience of world diplomacy or short, has a vital task to do in world affairs. Pulling the chestnuts of the Great Powers out of the fire is better left to the Powers who put them in. It's no easy task with that veto, but the interventions of the small blocs and new recruits have not in the last years made it any easier. The infants should always bear in mind the old nursery tag about not trying to run before you can walk.

THE BRIGGS COURT OF INQUIRY

THE MEMBERS OF THE COURT APPOINTED TO INVESTIGATE A DISPUTE IN THE MOTOR INDUSTRY: At Church House, Westminster, Lord Cameron, the Chairman, is second from the left. He is a judge of the Court of Session in Scotland. With him are the four Assessors, Mr. J. Kuipers (extreme left), assistant general secretary, Briggs Motor Bodies; Mr. T. Nuttall (behind Lord Cameron), manager, manufacturing services division, Ford Motor Company; Mr. H. Nicholas (right foreground), assistant general secretary, Transport and General Workers Union, and Mr. J. Boyd, member, Amalgamated Engineering Union Executive. They heard evidence from Briggs' management and workers.

Kenya as a Base.—A layman is entitled to his views and hunches on matters about which he knows very little. I found good sense in a recent letter in *The Times* from Colonel Fitzgerald, of Nairobi, giving expression to a view I have often declared in recent months and years, as we have been squeezed out of military bases in many parts of the world on which we had squandered and sacrificed untold millions. He puts the case for Kenya as the ideal military base for possible operations in what is surely our chief centre of responsibility and danger to-day. We have been dislodged from India, Ceylon, Burma, the Canal Zone. We hang on by the eyelids to vulnerable Cyprus at equal expense. With the speed and potentials of modern communications, Kenya has nearly all the geographical advantages of the best we have lost or are likely to abandon, such as Cyprus or Libya. As a base, it has advantages second to none, both as a military and as a naval base. It offers the best deep-sea harbour on the east coast of Africa. It offers dispersal to our secret installations, ideal training grounds, a healthy climate, a reasonable tenure. Above all, it offers opportunities

to our local forces to obtain better training and experience in modern weapons, and in that advantage an increasing assurance of the maintenance of law and order. Above all, we should be building and investing in a country where for the time being no deep-seated antipathy and underground subversion would discourage and burden the initiative of commanders and personnel. Kenya, in fact, could really be a base.

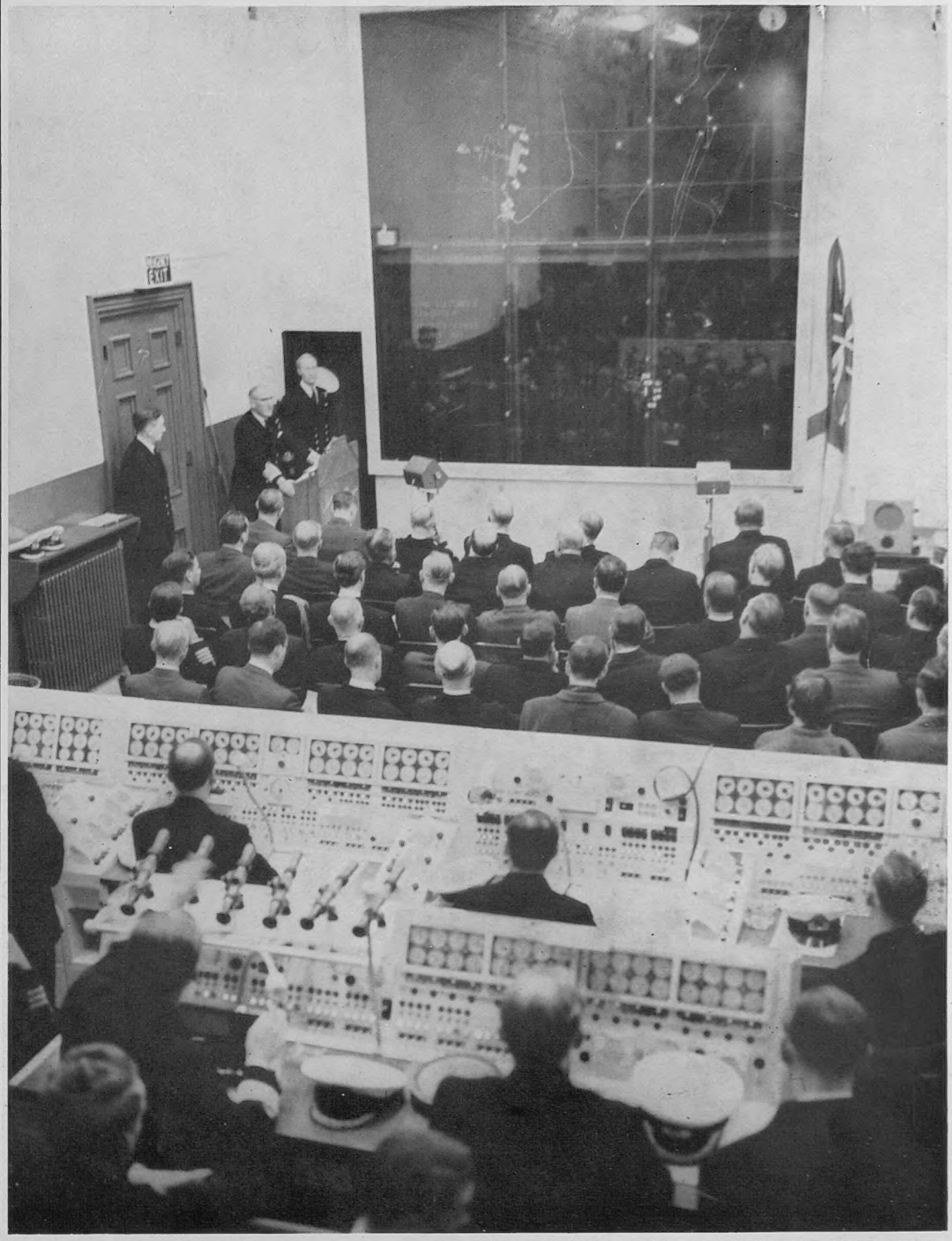
Ernest Cook and the N.A.C. Fund.—The National Art Collections Fund did well to reproduce admirably many of the gems of the Ernest Cook Collection, as a means of stimulating public interest in that important body and increasing the diminished list of subscribers. They acknowledge their great debt to his family and to Thos. Cook and Son, who defrayed the cost of that admirable brochure. In these days it is rare and refreshing to cite examples of men who have done good work and enriched public life without self-advertisement and with no thought of personal reward or distinctions. Ernest Cook was such a man. He loved all beautiful things—not least the graceful houses and the unspoilt countryside of Britain. His passion for art was only stimulated by his failure to secure any of his choices in that "record" auction of the Holford Collection. Thereafter he bought extensively and often anonymously, sometimes on expert advice, sometimes backing his own opinion which grew by practice in authority. The illustrated catalogue of his gems is a signal proof of his taste. He left the bulk of his collection and of a great fortune to the nation or to charities and, under the ægis of the N.A.C.F., his pictures have been given to public galleries all over the country. They cover almost every age and range of painting, with notable examples in tapestry and furniture. Almost every item is among the finest of its kind and is preserved for this country for all time. I hope that all existing members of the Fund will be inspired by this brochure to recruit new members to it. No better way to do so exists than by passing it on to those who are likely to subscribe to this deserving fund.

Trials Publicity.—The Home Secretary last week turned down a suggestion that examining magistrates should be compelled to hold committal hearings *in camera*. As chairman for many years of a rural Bench I have very seldom taken part in a committal hearing (to Quarter Sessions or Assizes) in which pre-trial publicity might influence a jury. I have been aware that we had an option to sit in private at such hearings, if we had a genuine belief that local interest in the case and its attendant publicity might make it impossible to panel a jury at Quarter Sessions which was not too familiar with pre-trial published opinion on the case. In border-line cases, the Bench can do a lot in open court to adhere strictly to the evidence which alone is vital to their decision, and to exclude what is extraneous and irrelevant and often sensational. I am quite sure that, broadly, Mr. Butler's refusal is the right one. In recent years the lay magistrates have been far more often under criticism for what they may do in private (as, for example, consultation with their clerk in their private room) than for conduct in open court. The instruction constantly given nowadays to lay justices that "justice must not only be done but must be *seen* to be done" is a sound one and gives confidence to the public, ever ready to pounce on the foibles and frailty of "Justice Muddlecombe." On my Bench it has been our practice, as far as possible in simple cases, to carry out our deliberations as to verdict and sentence *coram publico*.

"Rus in Urbe."—A fine Sunday morning in spring round the precincts of Kensington Palace shows London at its loveliest, and it would be my first recommendation to visitors from overseas if I wished them to get an idea of the rural beauties which still survive in our over-developed, congested and noisy "wen." When the spring sun shines warmly through a Whistlerian mist, the Round Pond is a sea of romance for young and old, for students of human types and of nature. Here gather all the birds of the water, and all the distinctive types from many lands of all colours and nations from Chelsea to Canton, in their distinctive, if not distinguished, costumes, and here the miniature yachtsmen from the ages of seventy to seven commit to the sea their argosies, from Scandinavian galleys to modern liners and speed-boats, which circle the pond, ram each other or the lazier birds, or drive in to an exactly forecast landing. In the Orangery the camellias are aflame and a hundred sun worshippers sit in the niches or on the terraces of that graceful building, and through the grilles, the greens and the forecourts of the old Palace suggest a remote cathedral close. The newly reopened and redecorated Royal apartments are well worth an afternoon visit. I had forgotten how much sun, light and air blessed the young Victoria during her childhood which certainly was not in all senses "stuffy." I don't wonder that the privileged, the millionaires and the Ambassadors congregate in this last *rus in urbe*, which can still afford the sylvan joys otherwise limited to those who are privileged to live in the Cathedral Close of Salisbury.

THE OLD STAGER

AN ELECTRONIC TACTICAL TEACHER



THE ROYAL NAVY INAUGURATES AN INGENIOUS TRAINING SYSTEM: At the Royal Naval Tactical School in Woolwich, Admiral Sir William Davis, Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff (standing at desk in left background), explains the function of the room containing what is called the Action Speed Tactical Teacher. In the foreground students sit at panels which are fitted to represent surface ships, submarines or aircraft as required. The exercise for the commanders of these craft is controlled from the auditorium by the director and his directing staff. The movements each student decides to make are plotted by electronic means from the panels in front of him and reflected on the perspex screen in the background, which is 12 ft. square. Members of a recording staff behind the screen track the courses and afterwards the exercise to be reconstructed for the benefit of the student. In the School's ten-week courses for intakes of fifty-five officers, twenty-two exercises are included with the Action Speed Tactical Teacher.

SOME OF THE COMPLEX APPARATUS OF THE ACTION SPEED TACTICAL TEACHER: *Left*—Engineer Artificer E. V. Davis, B.E.M., checks electronic devices which enable students to carry out exercises on the screen at Woolwich. *Right*—From the torpedo projector tubes illuminated lines are plotted on the screen and represent the courses taken by these weapons when used.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On left—

THE PRIME MINISTER IN PARIS: Mr. Harold Macmillan speaks with M. Guy Mollet, the French Premier, during a meeting in the Hotel Matignon, in Paris. On left is M. Christian Pineau, the French Foreign Minister, and, on right, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, his British opposite number. The talks between the two Prime Ministers covered the whole international scene in the light of M. Mollet's recent visit to Washington and Mr. Macmillan's forthcoming meeting with President Eisenhower in Bermuda. The chief subjects which came under discussion were Britain's future policy towards her armed forces on the Continent, the problem of the Common Market and the necessity of a co-ordinated policy towards the Suez question. As regards the future of British troops on the Continent, Mr. Macmillan was able to assure the French Prime Minister that there would be "no tiptoeing out of Europe." On his arrival back at London Airport he said that the French feeling is not concerned so much with our military disposition or the precise formation of our armed forces. They are only anxious that anything we should do should not appear to be the beginning of a walkout. On the subject of the Common Market the Prime Minister said that there were great possibilities of the common markets being associated in some ways with other European countries. He admitted that there were still many difficulties.

TRANSPORTING CASUALTIES IN THE ADEN PROTECTORATE: A Sycamore helicopter of the Royal Air Force lands at the airstrip at Dhala with a casualty of the Cameron Highlanders wounded in the fighting near the frontiers of the Aden Protectorate. The casualty was later flown on to hospital in an R.A.F. Pembroke. Owing to the extremely rough nature of the terrain where the skirmishes with Yemeni irregulars are taking place, the importance of helicopters for evacuating the wounded has become a first priority. Their ability to operate in the wildest country means that a casualty can be picked up at an outpost near the frontier and flown straight to hospital in a matter of a few hours. The journey across country would take much longer.

CHANGING PLANES AT DHALA: A wounded soldier is transferred into a Pembroke which will fly him to hospital. The airstrip at Dhala is the nearest one to the frontier suitable for large aircraft.

On right—

LANDING AT DHALA BY HELICOPTER: Four stretcher-bearers carry a wounded Cameron Highlander from one of the Royal Air Force helicopters. The casualty was transferred to a waiting Pembroke aircraft and flown to hospital.

GENERAL ELECTION EXCITEMENT IN THE EIRE CAPITAL: Supporters of a Sinn Fein candidate congregate in Dublin on the eve of poll in the Irish General Election. Although Sinn Fein won four seats the candidates are pledged not to enter the House.

MR. DE VALERA BECOMES PRIME MINISTER OF EIRE FOR A THIRD TERM: The leader of the successful Fianna Fail Party in the Irish General Election is seen casting his vote in Dublin. Mr. de Valera's party won 78 seats in the new Dail (as compared with 67 in the old House) and gained a majority over all the other parties. During their time as Opposition to the Coalition Government led by Mr. Costello, Fianna Fail was the largest single party in the House. Mr. Costello's Fine Gael Party now have 40 seats (formerly 48) and Labour 12 (formerly 18). The Farmers and MacBride Republican Parties also lost seats, but there were gains of four seats by the Independents and four by Sinn Fein.

BULGANIN VOTES IN THE SOVIET LOCAL ELECTIONS: The Soviet Prime Minister, Marshal Bulganin, casts his vote at a polling booth in Moscow during the elections for local government officials in four republics of the Soviet Union. Looking on are an electoral official and a "Young Communist Pioneer." The results of the elections have shown that in certain areas the official candidates did not receive the necessary majority and were, in consequence, not elected. In one of the republics the single official list of candidates was rejected in 134 electoral districts out of a total of more than 32,000. In the Ukraine seventeen electoral areas threw out the official list of candidates and in Byelorussia four districts followed suit. It was only in Uzbekistan that every official list was accepted in the various areas of the republic. In addition to these rejections of the official candidates, the elections in twenty-nine of the electoral districts of Russia proper and three in the Ukraine have been declared void for reasons which are not divulged by the authorities.

MOSCOW WORKERS VOTING IN THE ELECTIONS: The workers of the Kaganovich Ball-Bearing Factory in Moscow cast their votes in the recent elections for local government officials. The elected members of the various districts concerned will hold their office for the next two years.

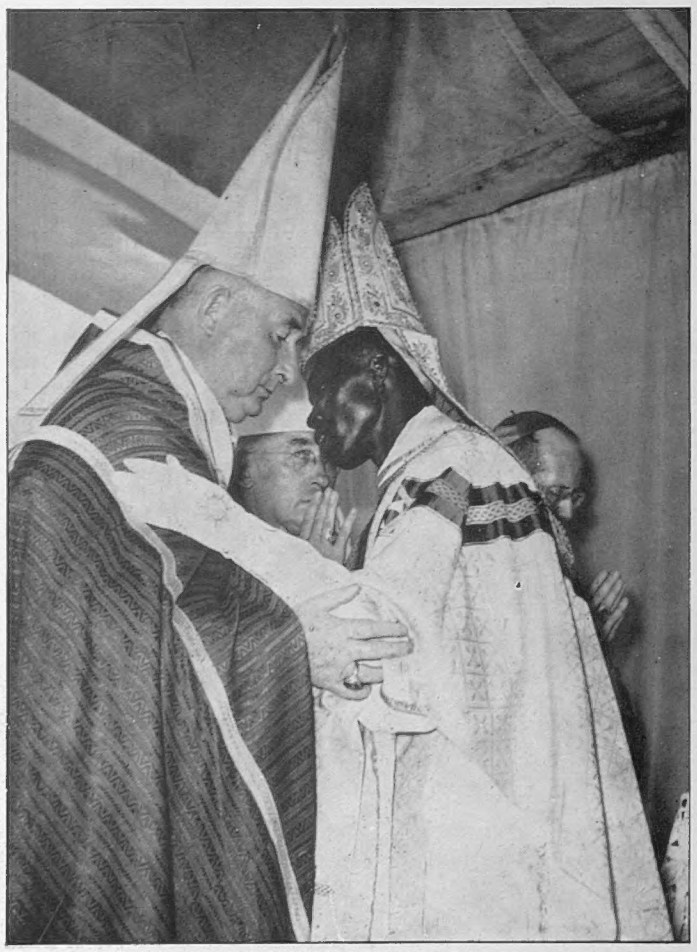
On right—

EARTHQUAKES SHAKE GREECE AGAIN: Some of the Greek families made homeless by the earthquakes at Pharsala, in Greece, spend the night out of doors round a camp fire while waiting for permanent shelter to be provided. During the series of shocks which hit the area more than 4,000 houses were destroyed and a total of about 15,000 people were left homeless. King Paul of the Hellenes and Queen Fredericka are both visiting the stricken areas.

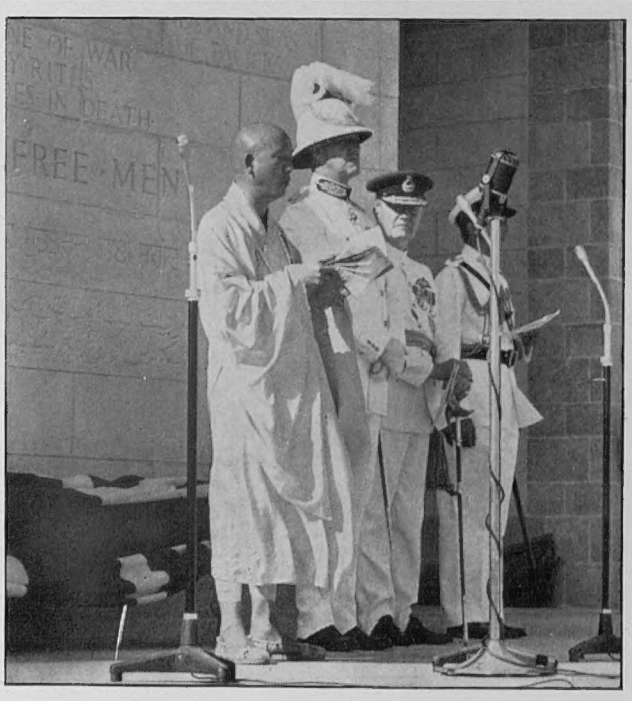
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A ROYAL FAREWELL TO THE ROYAL AUXILIARY AIR FORCE: The Queen Mother is in conversation with Squadron Leader J. P. Meadows, a former Commanding Officer of No. 600 (City of London) Squadron, R.Aux.A.F., during the farewell parade of the Squadron at Finsbury Barracks, London. Also on parade was No. 2600 (City of London) Squadron, R.Aux.A.F. Regiment. The two squadrons, in common with other R.Aux.A.F. units, are being disbanded. The Queen Mother, who is Honorary Air Commodore of both squadrons, took the salute at a march past and told the parade that "it is with a feeling of great sadness as well as of great pride that I have inspected you here to-day for the last time." She later attended a service at the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great in Smithfield, where the standard of No. 600 (City of London) R.Aux.A.F. Squadron was handed to the Rector "for safe lodging in the House of God."

A SQUADRON'S FINAL INSPECTION BY PRINCE PHILIP, DUKE OF EDINBURGH: The Duke, as Honorary Air Commodore, is inspecting No. 601 (County of London) Squadron, Royal Auxiliary Air Force, at its final parade at the town headquarters in Kensington Park Road. His Royal Highness also took the salute at the march past.



THE FIRST AFRICAN ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF KENYA: Bishop Maurice Otunga, the newly consecrated Bishop of Tacape, pays homage to Archbishop J. J. McCarthy during the consecration service at St. Peter's Seminary, at Kakamega. Standing in the background and seen between the two Bishops is Archbishop J. R. Knox, the Apostolic Delegate, who performed the consecration. He was assisted at the laying on of hands by Archbishop McCarthy and Bishop Frederick Hall. The ceremony, which took place in the open air, was watched by a big crowd of Africans and Europeans. At the end of the service, as the newly consecrated Bishop went in procession with his attendants from the altar, the members of the congregation knelt on the grass to receive his first Episcopal Blessing.



STRENGTHENING THE IRON CURTAIN: Austrian frontier guards (on the right) watch Hungarian soldiers erecting a barbed-wire fence on the Austro-Hungarian border in the Burgenland. Personnel mines were laid near the barbed-wire. Such strengthening of the Iron Curtain is only one of the ominous signs that the Soviet-controlled Government in Budapest is preparing to act even more ruthlessly than in the past against the gallant struggle of the Hungarian people to free themselves from Communist domination.

On left—

THE SINGAPORE MEMORIAL IS UNVEILED: A Buddhist monk intones prayers during the unveiling ceremony in the Kranji War Cemetery. Standing next to the monk is Sir Robert Black, Governor of Singapore, who unveiled the memorial, which has been built by the Imperial War Graves Commission. It commemorates 24,000 men and women of the land and air forces of the Commonwealth who lost their lives in the Far East and have no known grave.

A MINISTERIAL EXPLOSION: Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport, presses a plunger in Birmingham to blow up an old wall and inaugurate an inner ring road scheme.

DEBRIS SHOWERS ON A CIVIC OCCASION: Bricks and stones are blasted through the air with tremendous force after Mr. Watkinson had pressed the plunger to blow up the wall at the road inauguration ceremony in Birmingham. The strength of the explosion was entirely unexpected. Debris showered on the canopy of the platform on which the Minister of Transport, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and other civic dignitaries were standing. Among those in the open nearby, a Press photographer was struck on the head by a brick and a woman councillor was cut in the leg. It is understood that an inquiry is being held into the reasons for the force of the explosive charge. The demolition marked the first stage in the Birmingham £15,000,000 ring road scheme.

On left—

ALL SQUARE IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN TEST SERIES: The scene in the centre of the field as South Africa wins the final Test at Port Elizabeth by 58 runs. Running between the creases are the last two English batsmen, Laker (back to camera) and Loader. The latter had just hit Tayfield through the air. It is clear from the signs of joy evinced by the bowler (with arms raised, by umpire) and the fieldsmen that the catch has been held, as indeed it had. As a result of this victory South Africa squared the Test series, after a most inauspicious start. England comfortably won the first two Tests. The third was drawn. Then South Africa won the last two.

TEN MISSING FROM AN AMERICAN TANKER TORN IN TWO: The bows of the United States Navy tanker *Mission San Francisco* (5,730 tons) drift away from her blazing stern in Delaware Bay, off the East Coast of America. The vessel had been cut in two by a collision with the Liberian freighter *Elna II* (3,188 tons). *On left*—Fireboats direct streams of water on to the fire caused by an explosion in the after part of *Mission San Francisco*. After the collision the captain, eight members of the crew and the pilot of the tanker were reported missing, believed killed. They were all last seen on the ship's bridge. Thirty-five other members of the crew and all those aboard the *Elna II* were rescued, some of them being picked up from the icy waters of the bay during a snowstorm.

THE BIRTH OF A NEW NATION: A general view of the scene inside the Parliament House at Accra, during the opening of the first session of the National Assembly by the Duchess of Kent, who attended the Independence celebrations as the representative of the Queen. After reading the speech from the Throne, which set out the policy of the new Ghana Government, the Duchess read a special message to the people from the Queen. She then handed to Dr. Nkrumah, the Prime Minister, the constitutional instruments establishing the former colony, the Gold Coast, as the new Dominion of Ghana. Earlier, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke the Governor of the colony, had been sworn in as the first Governor-General of the Dominion.

THE DOMINION OF GHANA

The Duchess of Kent Opens the First Parliament in Accra

THE DUCHESS OF KENT ARRIVES FOR THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: She is accompanied by Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, the Governor-General. With her white lace dress embroidered with rhinestones, the Duchess is wearing a diamond tiara and necklace.

THE FIRST STATE BALL OF GHANA: The Duchess of Kent is in conversation with Vice-President Richard Nixon and his wife, during the celebration dance in Accra. Mr. Nixon attended the Ghana Independence celebrations as the representative of the United States.

WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT: Tribal Chieftains are sitting beneath their colourful umbrellas on the lawn outside the building of the Ghana Parliament in Accra. They were waiting for the arrival of the Duchess to open the first session of the new National Assembly.

THE MOMENT OF INDEPENDENCE: Cheers go up at midnight on March 5-6, as the former colony, the Gold Coast, becomes Ghana, a free, sovereign and independent country within the Commonwealth.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWDS IN ACCRA: *Left*—The Prime Minister, Dr. Nkrumah (centre on the platform), waves to the vast crowd which had gathered outside the Parliament building to greet the birth of the new Dominion at midnight. Standing on the Prime Minister's left is Mr. K. A. Gbedmah, the Finance Minister, and, on the right, Mr. Kojo Botsio, Minister of Trade and Labour. *Right*—The Duchess of Kent waves from the balcony of Parliament House after opening the Session.

REJOICING IN GHANA

Further Pictures of the Events in Accra when the Gold Coast Achieved its Independence

PRIME MINISTER AND DUCHESS: Doctor Nkrumah, the Premier of Ghana, explains various parts of the welcome ceremonies to the Duchess of Kent during her ceremonial visit to the Sports Stadium in Accra.

CELEBRATING THE BIRTH OF THE NEW STATE OF GHANA: A group of natives dance in the Sports Stadium in Accra during the ceremonial welcome given to the Duchess of Kent after her arrival to take part in the independence celebrations. Included in the display were different dances of the country each performed by teams which had come from all over Ghana for the celebrations. The Duchess also reviewed a guard of honour of the West African Regiment and detachments of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides who were taking part in the display. After the welcome in the Sports Stadium she attended an official banquet.

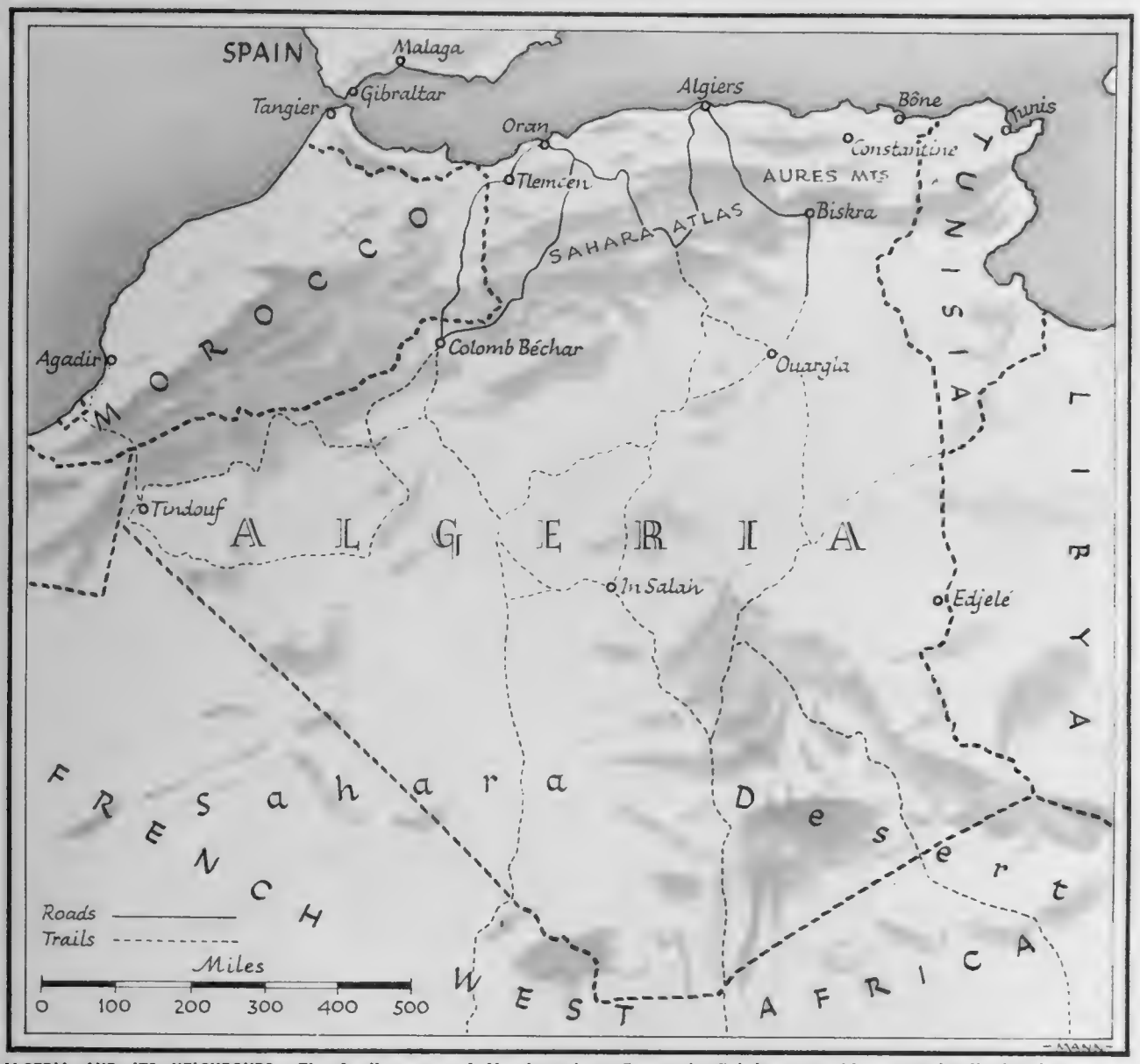
On left—

AT THE ASSEMBLY OF GHANA'S FIRST PARLIAMENT: A Chief of the Gold Coast, accompanied by his wife, enters the Parliament building in Accra. The Queen's Speech from the Throne was read during the Session by the Duchess of Kent.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GHANA CELEBRATIONS: Paramount Chief Nana Osae Dyan II is introduced to Mrs. Nixon by Mr. Richard Nixon, the American Vice-President, during a visit to the village of Aburi, thirty miles up-country from Accra.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT THE UNIVERSITY IN ACCRA: Wearing cap and gown, the Duchess of Kent leaves with Mr. D. M. Barme, the Principal. The occasion was a ceremony when the University of the Gold Coast was renamed the University of Ghana.

IN THE SUPREME COURT, ACCRA: Surrounded by judges and barristers, the Duchess chats during a reception at the Supreme Court in Accra. Before attending the reception she first visited the courts and spent twenty minutes listening to the procedure.



ALGERIA AND ITS NEIGHBOURS : The fertile parts of Algeria, where France is fighting a stubborn revolt, lie in the narrow strip of coastline running from the area of Oran, in the west, to that of Bône, in the east. Behind these fertile plains are the mountains of the Sahara Atlas forming a barrier to the desert regions, rich in mineral and oil deposits. The fertile coastal strip is flanked at either end by Morocco and Tunisia, former French Protectorates, now independent.

BACKGROUND TO ALGERIA

A Survey of the Problems Facing the French Government

By EDWARD ASHCROFT

THE problem of Algeria is one that occupies many people's minds to-day. For France this problem is proving both painful and costly. In order to maintain her power in Algeria she is having to wage a long and expensive war. Recently Tunisia and Morocco, which, together with Algeria, form a geographical unity called by the Arabs the Maghreb, were granted their independence. But the overwhelming majority of French opinion is totally opposed to granting Algeria independence on the lines of her two neighbours. While some Frenchmen of the Right and many of the Left actively sympathised with nationalism in Tunisia and Morocco, Algeria is considered an altogether different case. A few weeks ago, François Mauriac, the Catholic writer and the most severe critic of French colonialism, a man who earned the hatred of the French settlers in Tunisia and Morocco for his attitude to their affairs, warned the leaders of the Algerian *maquis* that no Frenchman accepted their case for separation from France.

The main reason for this is that Algeria is, in the Roman sense of the word, a colony. Frenchmen living there regard it as an extension of France. They have built villages and cities which might be those of Languedoc or Provence. And for fifty years or so, Prefects and Mayors in Algeria have carried on their business, which is so important a part of the French State, and have prepared elections to the French Assembly and Senate. There are now 1,100,000 French-Europeans in Algeria and they form a tenth of the population. If the same ratio of British had been in India, the British Government would have had to leave under the domination of men of another race more than 20,000,000 Britons.

The Frenchmen who went in large numbers to Tunisia and Morocco to be Civil Servants, farmers or shopkeepers had a different attitude. They went to a country which, though a French Protectorate, was never considered their own country. There was the Bey in Tunis and the Sultan in Morocco. In both countries there was an impressive indigenous civilisation which could not be ignored. In Algeria, there was no such thing, and the most imposing relics of the past were Roman ruins. The metropolitan French do not see eye-to-eye with the French in Algeria over all matters. But whatever mistakes the colonists may have made, France accepts them as her mistakes.

Algeria, unlike Tunisia or Morocco, had never been a unified State and the name was first given by France after the conquest. Fertile Algeria—the region on the north side of the Atlas Mountains, for the Sahara, too, is part of Algeria—is a narrow strip of coastline nowhere wider than 150 miles. It has a number of plains which can be made fertile, while inland behind them are high mountain plateaux deficient in water. Algeria is 3,000 miles in length and does not lend itself to centralisation. Carthage dominated it, then Rome, then the Vandals and Byzantines. The Arab tribes at the first spread of Islam swept through it, left their mark on the population, and converted a majority of the people to their faith. The main centre of Arab civilisation was at Tlemcen, far away to the west on the Moroccan border.

The Turks became masters of the ports on the Barbary coast in the sixteenth century, and for the next three centuries the Turkish ruler in Algiers exercised a vague control over the other ports. But the Turks left the interior alone. There was considerable trade between Algiers and Marseille, and it was partly on account of merchants' quarrels and partly to win military glory for his régime that Charles X, the second legitimate Bourbon monarch after the 1815 restoration, sent an expedition to Algiers in 1829.

Though Algiers was easily captured, the conquest of Algeria took a long time. The Government of the next French King, Louis Philippe, could not make up its mind whether to complete the conquest of the country or to stay in the ports. Resistance came from the tribes of the interior who, in Western Algeria, rallied in the name of Islam to a warrior-priest, Abdel Kader. At one time the French decided to recognise Abdel Kader's rights to rule over a large part of the country. But once France had made up her mind to conquer Algeria the right kind of army was created, a lightly-armed,

(Continued on following pages)

OPENING UP THE COUNTRY : These concrete bridges over the Oued Djer are both modern constructions, part of the French programme of improving communications by road and rail throughout the length and breadth of Algeria.

CO-OPERATION IN THE FIGHT AGAINST THE REBELS : The leader of an Algerian militia unit gives information to French officers about fellagha rebels withdrawing from the region of El Oued in 1954. Such co-operation is of vital importance to the authorities.

BACKGROUND TO ALGERIA

(*Continued from previous page*)

mobile force able to live off the country. Behind the army came the colonists. At first, these were ex-soldiers of Marshal Bugeaud, the French commander. Colonisation had some setbacks, but by 1860 there were some 400,000 French settlers in Algeria, compared with the Muslim population of about 2,500,000, a population which had probably remained stationary since the time of the Vandals.

After 1870, colonisation took on a faster tempo. Unjust legislation enabled the Europeans to seize the best lands; though, at that time, these lands were most of them marsh and scrub. It was thought that the Muslims were a decaying race and that the prosperity of Algeria would in the long run benefit them. By the end of the century the French were selling the produce of their farms —wine, fruit and cereals—for good prices and French industry was finding a valuable outlet in the country. However, the mass of the Muslims had no share in this economic prosperity, apart from a small number of Muslim landowners and merchants.

Politically, France hesitated between assimilating Algeria completely, which was the policy supported at the time by the settlers, and giving it some sort of administrative autonomy under the Governor-General.

In effect, a mixture of both policies was pursued. By 1900 Algeria had the beginnings of an autonomous budget. The administration, however, was soon completely dominated by the settlers, who changed their views and began to favour autonomy and not assimilation. In times of irritation with the French Government in Paris they talked of secession.

Meanwhile peace and sanitation were having their effects. The Muslim population grew rapidly. After the First World War there were nearly 6,000,000 Muslims and to-day this figure has grown to 9,000,000. By the 1920's progressive Frenchmen began to be alarmed at the exclusion of this population from political rights. It was now the progressives who adopted the idea of assimilation and wanted to make Algeria exactly like France—a country in which all men had equal rights. They were prepared to see as many as a hundred Deputies from Algeria in the French Parliament. Young Algerians of good families who came to France to be educated adopted this concept of assimilation with enthusiasm. They found the French settlers in Algeria dominating and contemptuous, while in France they met among all classes people who treated them as equals.

But in Algeria the settlers remained firmly entrenched in the administration and did not want Muslims to be pro-French or to adopt the citizenship to which they were by law entitled if they renounced their religious status. The Second World War shook French complacency, and so did a savage revolt in 1945 in Eastern Algeria. This revolt was directly caused by hunger and poverty. In 1947 the Algerian Statute was passed by the French Parliament. This gave all Muslims the status of French citizen, gave them wide representation in the Algerian Assembly and modified the local government arrangements in favour of the Muslims.

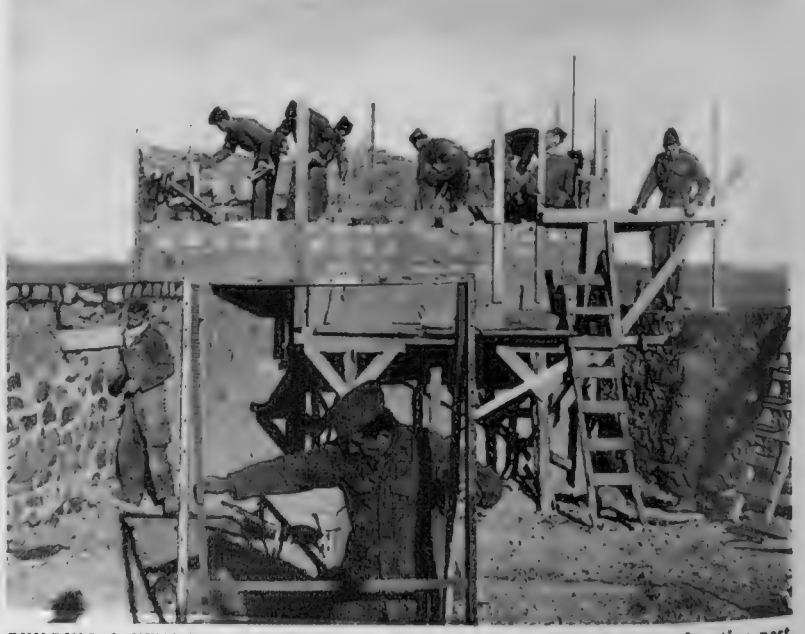
But the Statute came too late and it was never properly implemented. Nationalism, of a fairly moderate kind, took hold of the Algerian intellectuals. But the masses, faced with a decaying standard of living which kept them on the verge of starvation, were ripe for any kind of violent revolutionary activity, no matter what its ideology. If the settlers had shown themselves blind in refusing to consider the human rights of Muslims, the basic fault lay with French Governments which had created an economic policy which could not give employment or guarantee a living standard. Algeria has virtually no industry, light or heavy.

VEGETATION IN THE SAND : Palm trees grow in the sand at El Oued, south of Biskra, where an agricultural scheme is being developed. The trees are planted in pits sunk in the sand with their roots in moist earth stratas.

Long before the revolt of 1954 began, many Frenchmen had realised that something had to be done in the economic sphere. Algeria was also under-administered to an astounding degree. The region of the Aurès Mountains, near the Tunisian frontier, which is half as large as France, was looked after by one administrator, two assistants and twelve policemen. And the Aurès Mountains had been traditionally a home of bandits. The revolt which began in 1954 has now taken on the horrible characteristics of a racial struggle. It is amorphous and violently persistent. The objectives of the revolt have never been clearly stated, except the vague one of independence and of throwing the French into the sea. The leaders of the revolt are not known by the Algerian masses.

At the headquarters of the National Liberation Front in Cairo, the leaders include a varied assortment of Pan-Arabs who want Egyptian domination of the whole Maghreb, Muslim Brothers who hate Western influence, and French-educated intellectuals who are not at all happy about the company they keep. Communists, both Muslims and French, play a part in the terrorism in the large towns. Every bomb, every farm-house burned down, every massacre of women or children is a gain to the extremists, for these acts accentuate the hatred between the French and Muslim communities. Three things must be said

ALGIERS SEEN FROM THE MUSLIM CEMETERY : Situated at the foot of the Sahel Mountains, Algiers, the principal city of the country, takes the form of an amphitheatre facing the Mediterranean in an eastwards direction and dominating a magnificent wide bay.



BUILDING A NEW FRONTIER POST : French troops construct a stone frontier post on the Algerian-Moroccan border. Control over the border areas is necessary to prevent supplies reaching the rebels from Tunisia and Morocco.

AN ANTI-REBEL DRIVE IN THE MOUNTAINS : A member of a patrol mans his machine-gun as his armoured car passes through the El Kantara gorges during a sweep in rebel regions in 1955. The terrain makes light forces imperative.

THE OUED FODDA DAM : This concrete dam is part of a large hydro-electric and irrigation scheme in the mountains of Algeria. As a whole, Algeria is poor in power resources, but the administration is steadily increasing its efforts to develop the potential energy to the maximum. Of the forty-odd main power stations in Algeria, eight are thermal and thirty-two hydro-electric. Fifteen additional power stations in the south are run by diesel motors. Production of electricity will shortly reach 1,000,000,000 kilowatt hours annually. In 1955 the total electrical output was 880,000,000 kWh., of which 290,000,000 kWh. were produced from hydro-electric schemes and 590,000,000 kWh. from thermal.

about the revolt. First, it makes no progress, in the sense that the rebel leaders have never drawn up an intelligent set of demands with a view to securing the acceptance of some of them by reasonable people, Muslims or French. Secondly, the military side of the revolt has never constituted a serious threat to the French Army, and it is nonsense to compare the Algerian situation with that of Indo-China. Thirdly, the revolt does not look like ending quickly.

To many people, the present French Government appears to be wildly optimistic in thinking that it can call a cease-fire, hold free elections, and then deal with a body of elected representatives who are likely even to consider the kind of solution which France might accept. France will almost certainly have to hold on, introducing social and economic reforms when she can. She has what the Israelis call the best weapon—the weapon of no-choice.

There are factors, however, which must be taken into account. The lands of North Africa can only support a very limited number of people, unless huge supplies of power can be found to provide water and industries which can create employment. The population of North Africa is already too large for its resources and in twenty years' time will reach a figure of over 40,000,000, something like that of Metropolitan France. The answer to this problem may well be the development of power from the Sahara, the huge infertile desert which lies behind the mountains. In the Sahara oil resources have now been located sufficient to supply the needs of all North Africa, of France and of much of Europe. Two rich oil-bearing regions, one at Edjélé, on the frontier of the Fezzan, and one in the Ouargla region, not far south of Biskra, are now in the first stages of development. There are reservoirs of natural gas in several places in the Sahara which could be piped to Algeria or Morocco to supply large-scale industrial networks. At Tindouf, south of Morocco, there is one of the richest iron-ore deposits in the world. There is coal at Colomb Béchar and manganese copper in the extreme south.

Why should not Tunisia and Morocco join France, and her European partners, as founder-members of a plan for the development of North Africa, linked with the Common Market? It may be optimistic to suppose that they will, although human affairs do sometimes work out sensibly. If they do, one can see that gradually the root cause of the Algerian revolt, the poverty of the masses, will wither away. There will be enough in Algeria for both French and Muslim communities, and the political issues which bulk so large will appear irrelevant.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE FRENCH ARMY : The final elements of the 20th French Infantry Division line the quayside at Algiers after arriving from France last year.

SEARCHING FOR OIL IN THE SAHARA : A derrick rises out of the sand at Benidah, in the Sahara, where wells are being sunk in search of oil deposits. Oil has been found in several places, particularly at Hassi-Messaoud, near Ouargla and Edjélé, on the Libyan border.

WEALTH IN THE DESERT : M. Maurice Lemaire (centre), French Secretary of State for Industry and Commerce, watches oil gushing from one of the wells drilled in the Sahara at Hassi-Messaoud during a visit last month.

"THE SEA-BLUE BIRD OF MARCH"

How did Tennyson Associate the Kingfisher with this Particular Month?

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

"THE sea-blue bird of March": for Tennyson the kingfisher was the bird of the month. Now, this has always interested me. Tennyson, of course, was not a good naturalist. If you read him carefully, you cannot but come to the conclusion that he was not a very observant man where wild life (with the exception of trees, about which he knew a good deal) was concerned. How, then, did he come to associate the kingfisher with March? How, indeed, did he come to notice the bird at all?

You might think, remembering the coloured plates in the books, that you cannot very well miss seeing a kingfisher if there happens to be one about. But how often, in fact, do you see one? Very, very rarely I 'll be bound. So rarely, that you may well think that it is a most uncommon bird. But evidently it is not; for the *Handbook of British Birds*, which is the ultimate authority, describes it as "generally distributed on slow-flowing streams" and a bird that is generally distributed obviously cannot be rare. But you would think that a bird "generally distributed"—and one, moreover, so colourfully dressed—would be noticed constantly on all the slow-flowing streams.

Furthermore, quite apart from its dress, its whole appearance is unique; quite different from that of any other British bird. It has so short a tail that it looks as if it had met with an accident and was more than a bit top-heavy as a result. And then again, there is that dagger of a bill. Even if you could not distinguish the colours, you could not very well mistake the kingfisher for any other bird, and you certainly could not mistake any other bird for a kingfisher. If the bird is there, you would think, then you just could not miss it.

Yet how often do you see one? I see them very rarely, and I spend much of my time in just the sort of places where you would expect to see kingfishers. I would regard myself as very lucky indeed if I saw kingfishers a score of times in a year: I doubt if it is more than a dozen as a rule, if that. Most certainly I do not see the bird often enough to justify connecting it with any one month. There are birds which you inevitably connect with particular months—the lapwing with March, the cuckoo with April, the starling with November—but it would never enter my head to include the kingfisher in my twelve.

Why, then, did Tennyson choose the kingfisher as the bird of March? Can it be that it was, in his day, so common on the streams of the Isle of Wight and on the Lymington River, over on the mainland, that even an unobservant man and a poor naturalist could not miss it? The streams of the Isle of Wight and the Beaulieu and Lymington Rivers are slow-flowing enough for the kingfisher's taste. The bird should be generally distributed here, if anywhere. But I have known these streams all my life—paddled in them, bathed in them, fished in them, walked their banks—and I still visit them regularly. I see very few kingfishers. It is tempting to formulate a theory that there has been a catastrophic decline in the numbers of kingfishers since Tennyson's day. But, in fact, I do not think that there has. I do think that there has been some decrease in numbers since I was a boy. This is pure speculation. I have no figures, and know of none. Maybe my eyesight was sharper then. But I also think that there are fewer kingfishers on these streams than there were, say, twenty years ago.

But, if there has been a decrease on inland waters—and I think that there must have been on polluted waters, at any rate—there has certainly been none on the shore. If anything there has been, perhaps, a slight increase in the numbers of coastwise kingfishers. Comparatively few people, I think, associate the bird with the seashore. There is, of course, a movement to the shore in the autumn and also in severe weather, but, apart from that, there is a coastwise population throughout the year, the birds haunting the tidal estuaries and the salt-marshes, and fishing particularly at the turn of the tide.

The ancients knew this habit well. Aristotle, in his *Historia Animalium*, says of the halcyon that it lives on the shore but also ascends freshwater streams. Pliny says the same (but that is to be expected, since he copied his material on birds almost entirely from Aristotle), and while there seems to be some doubt whether Aristotle really was referring to our kingfisher, there can be no doubt at all that Pliny thought that he was, and had our bird in mind when he copied from the Greek naturalist.

Virgil was most certainly thinking of our bird when he speaks of the halcyon piping and pluming himself on the shore. Virgil regarded the kingfisher as a singing bird, which is a thing I imagine very few English people would do. We may be lucky enough to see it occasionally, but we do not hear it sing. The most we normally hear is a loud, shrill pipe (Pliny's kingfishers pipe in the reeds) two or three times repeated. And even when that is heard, it is probably, most times, not recognised for what it is. The kingfisher of inland waterways certainly has a song, but I have never heard it. The kingfisher of the shore is much more noisy than the bird of the slow-flowing streams. On the shore it is usual to hear the piping, even if you do not always see the bird.

Aristotle seems to have an authentic report of the kingfisher's nest, but he muddled it up with a myth. He believed that the nest was built on the rocks and within reach of the waves. (And, for all we know, some coastwise kingfishers in his day and place may have built thus: it is foolish to disbelieve a man because the kingfishers of your own neighbourhood do not behave in the same manner.) Aristotle says of the nest that "it is in shape like a cucumber, and larger than the largest sponge; the mouth is small, so small that the sea as it rises does not get inside it. It has, however, a great variety of holes, like a sponge, and appears to be made of the bones of a fish."

Actually, of course, there is no nesting material, for the fish-bones continue to be deposited after the eggs are laid. All that they do is to impart to the nest an odour that, once smelt, can never be forgotten. And this is proof enough that Aristotle never personally inspected a kingfisher's nest. Had he done so he would certainly have drawn attention to the contrast between the beauty of the bird and the filth and stench of its nest.

Of course, seeing a kingfisher is not just a matter of going to a slow-flowing stream and walking along the bank. The walker does not really see much of wild life. To see, you must sit or lie down. Movement merely prevents things from happening. So it is not the slightest use bustling about. You must sit and wait, and if you are very lucky, you may see a kingfisher.

And, if you do, what colour is it? There will be no more than a flash of blue, the blue of flame—perhaps, if you are very favoured of the gods or are very patient, a momentary perching on some willow, but your eyes must be very quick indeed to take that in. For most people there will be no more than that. And then you will find, I fancy, that you cannot describe the beauty you have seen. Was it blue or was it green? And, of course, it is both blue and green married to magic. But was there not some red about it, too?

Colours are very deceptive. It is said that if, in winter, you shoot a kingfisher (and who would wish to do so barbarous a thing?) and it falls in the snow, then you cannot see it. It seems unbelievable that so brilliant a bird could vanish against a white backcloth. Yet so good a field naturalist as the late O. V. Aplin believed it. And then there is the evidence of Thompson, a famous naturalist of the nineteenth century, who has recorded that one day, when out shooting, he saw a little brown bird in flight, which he could not identify. At length he shot it, and after much searching (there was thick snow on the ground) found it, and found that he had shot a kingfisher. Evidently the kingfisher does not always flash blue—you see the blue, of course, only when the bird is going away from you—and perhaps this is why it is so rarely seen. Perhaps, expecting blue, we miss the little brown bird speeding by?

Casting my mind back, I cannot recall ever being struck by brilliance in a seashore kingfisher. Against the lovely brilliant blue that is so characteristic of shallow seawater, the blue of the bird's back is not striking, and the green is unnoticeable, at least to my eyes. While I should unhesitatingly describe the kingfisher as a blue bird on inland waters, I should as unhesitatingly describe it as a brown bird on the shore—so chestnut-brown that against the autumn sedge it is almost concealed. So Thompson found it against the snow. Light plays funny tricks with human eyes.

Which brings me back to Tennyson and his "sea-blue" bird. The kingfisher has always been a bird beloved by our poets. And some of the poets have placed some very odd habits to the credit of the kingfisher.

Shakespeare might be considered to regard the kingfisher as the bird of November. In *Henry VI*, Part I, he makes Joan the Maid say to the Dauphin, "Expect St. Martin's summer, halcyon days." But we know that Shakespeare was a countryman and we know that he is referring to the fine days of late summer and to the green-blue sky of November. Shakespeare knew the legends about the kingfisher and the old country beliefs.

One belief was—and, for all I know, still is—that a dead kingfisher hung up would always face the direction from which the wind blew. You will remember that Sir Thomas Browne did not believe this, got two kingfishers, hung them up together—and found that they contradicted each other.

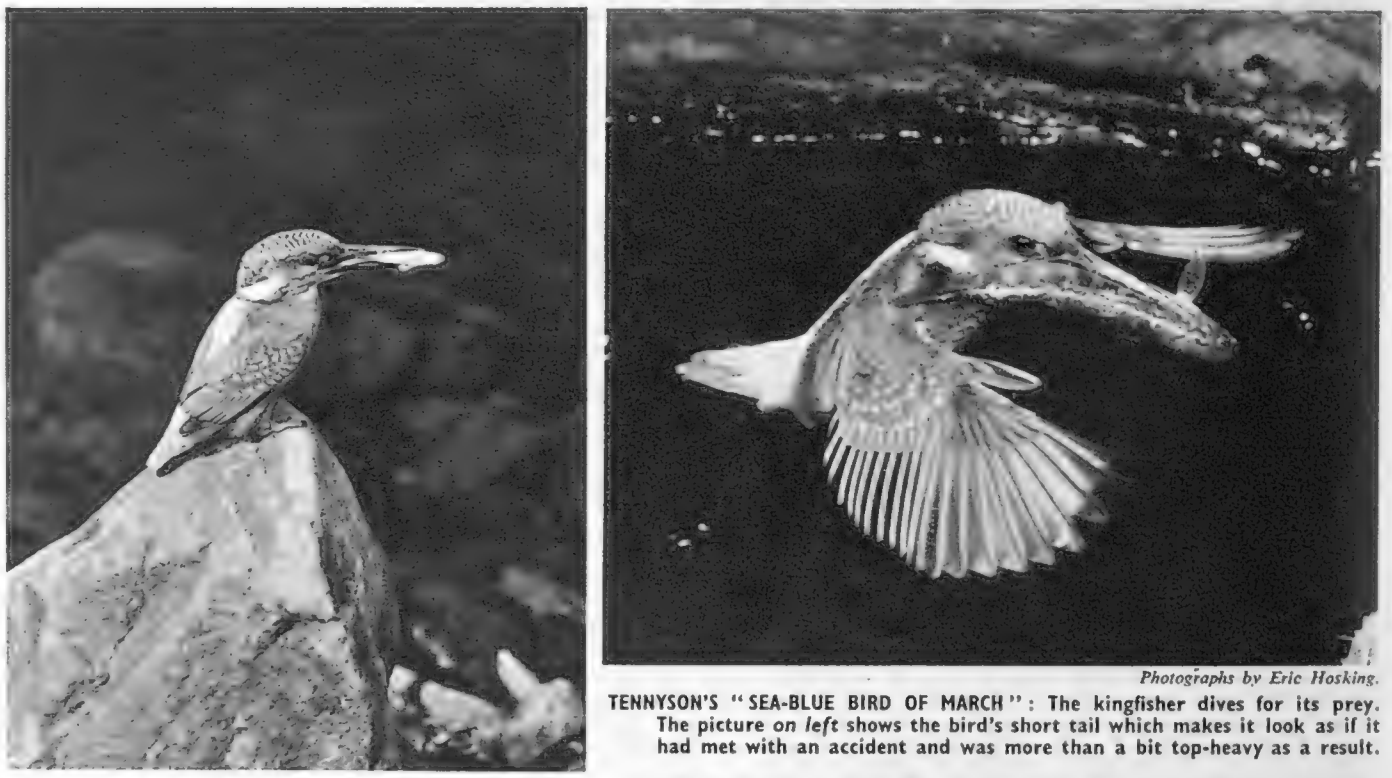
But the belief dies hard. I remember, when I was a boy, a fisherman of Lymington who had one hung in his garden and it fascinated me as it slowly fell to bits on its halter of twine. It was this old man who showed me a kingfisher perched on Jack-in-the-Basket at the entrance to Lymington River, and told me that there was often one there. Going over to the island last October, I saw one on Jack. Coming back from the island the other day I saw another.

But I stray from Tennyson. You may think that he saw his kingfishers on Jack-in-the-Basket in March. But let me give the full couplet:

> And underneath the barren bush
> Flits by the sea-blue bird of March.

Just as I know that Aristotle could never have seen a kingfisher's nest, so do I know that Tennyson did not know the kingfisher. I am even prepared to believe that he never saw a live one in all his life. For nobody could possibly describe the flight as "flitting": it is as swift and direct as that of an arrow, truly released. I rather think that Tennyson was hard put to it to find a rhyme for that lovely line.

> When rosy plumelets tuft the larch.



Photographs by Eric Hosking.

TENNYSON'S "SEA-BLUE BIRD OF MARCH": The kingfisher dives for its prey. The picture *on left* shows the bird's short tail which makes it look as if it had met with an accident and was more than a bit top-heavy as a result.

A Visit to Harrow

The Queen and Prince Philip Tour "The Hill"

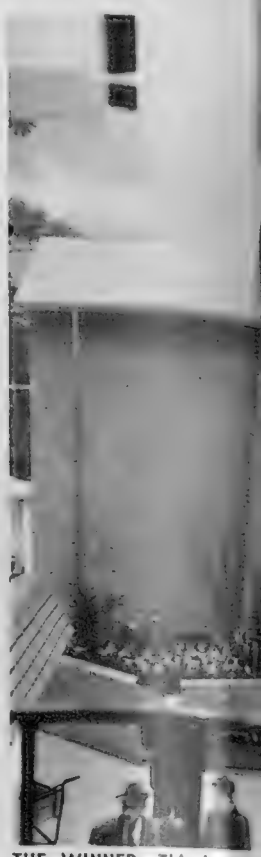
When the Queen and Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, visited Harrow last week, they spent three and a half hours touring the school and hearing songs in the Speech Room. They were met on arrival by Mr. G. C. Rivington, chairman of the Governors; Dr. R. L. James, the Headmaster, and Sir Frederick Handley Page, Her Majesty's Lieutenant for the County of Middlesex, and welcomed by the boys, who were assembled in School Yard. The Royal visitors watched as the boys went through "Bill"—the traditional roll call—and spent some time visiting "Ducker," the 500-ft.-long open-air swimming-pool; the 155-acre school farm; the football field; the Vaughan library, and the parish church. Down on the farm they saw the boys milking the Shorthorn dairy herd and preparing the milk for distribution within the school. On the football field they watched the sixth form game of football as it is played at Harrow. During the game the Queen was shown the ball which the boys use. It is two and a half times larger than the normal-sized football. In the Speech Room the half-hour programme of songs included one with a new verse to commemorate the Royal visit.

WELCOME TO "THE HILL": On her arrival at Harrow School the Queen, accompanied by the Headmaster, Dr. R. L. James, and followed by Prince Philip, walks across the School Yard towards the steps of the Old Schools. *On left*—The Queen and Dr. James are seen during the Royal visit, which lasted for three-and-a-half hours.

On right—
DOWN ON THE SCHOOL FARM: Mr. S. G. Patterson, the farm manager, and two of the boys, accompany the Royal visitors on their tour of the farm at the school.

THE CALLING OF "BILL": The Royal visitors watch as the boys go through "Bill"—Harrow's traditional roll-call—which is being called by Mr. R. M. Baldwin, the Second Master. *On left*—The Queen is examining one of the balls used in the Harrow form of football. Seen with her are Mr. C. D. Laborde, the master in charge of football, John Wells (left) and John Strover.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: In the foreground is the main avenue leading to the market-place with its floral fountain. The décor this year is entirely new and is the work of Mr. James Gardner, O.B.E., R.D.I. The exhibition at Olympia covers 14 acres of ground, and with nearly 600 stands is the largest in the world under one roof. Over 1,000,000 people are expected to visit the exhibition before March 30.



THE WINNER: This is the house which won for its designer, Mr. David Oliver, A.R.I.B.A., of Bath, the first prize of £500 in a recent *Daily Mail* Architectural Competition. The object of the competition was to design a house representing the best value for money in planning, construction and fittings, and providing for a comfortable standard of living. Competitors had to imagine that the house was required for a family of four, and a picture of the income, requirements and interests of the "family" was also provided for entrants.

IDEAL HOMES AND GARDENS

The "Daily Mail" Exhibition at Olympia Brings Many Practical and Decorative Innovations

Since it was started in 1908, the annual *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition has become the world's largest exhibition under one roof. It covers 14 acres of ground and has nearly 600 stands, showing everything from the latest kitchen appliances to caravans and greenhouses. A full year's planning and preparation are necessary, but six houses, a block of flats and four shops were built and furnished in under three weeks before the opening day. Among the complete houses is the Frost-proof House, which is presented by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. It is not revolutionary, but re-emphasises the principles of trouble-free plumbing because of last winter's widespread damage.

The gardens this year have an Elizabethan theme, and in their centre an actual reproduction of an Elizabethan garden. They cover an area of 40,000 sq. ft., and 1,400 cub. ft. of soil were used in laying the gardens. The décor of the exhibition is entirely new. In contrast to the Regency and medieval themes of past years, Mr. James Gardner's design is entirely from his colourful imagination. Around the stately fountain in the centre of the exhibition Gothic spires and pinnacles rise from the stands, which resemble stalls in a market-place.

Visitors walk among the stands along a carpet made resilient by the largest stretch of Dunlopillo foam rubber underlay ever made. Experts are wondering how this will lengthen the life of the carpet, upon which millions of feet will tread before the exhibition closes on March 30.

In 1955—the record year so far—1,315,000 people went through the turnstiles at Olympia.

A WILD MOORLAND SCENE: Fine tapestry is part of the Whitelegg garden, which includes a stream and a waterfall 4 ft. deep. Rocky ledges are planted with Alpine and rock plants and drifts of heather are among grassy slopes. Flowering shrubs flank the pavilion.

THE ELIZABETHAN GARDENS: These have been rendered as faithfully First Elizabethan permit, and the sound of the lute, viol and spinet played by the Tabard group hyacinths and daffodils in full bloom is by Jaques Amand, the international bulb

THE "WINCHESTER" HOUSE: Built by E. and L. Berg Limited, this design is intended to show the practicability of linking contemporary and traditional styles. The interior layout is entirely in the modern idiom and has been furnished by Miss Jeanne Heal as the B.B.C.'s "Woman's Hour" House. The house costs £3,500, excluding land and garage.

On left—
A "CONVERTIBLE" HOUSE: This house, built by G. T. Crouch Limited, allows the ground floor to be either open or closed by means of double doors between the hall and drawing-room, and triple doors between it and the dining-room. A special unit divides the labour-saving kitchen from the dining-room.

ANADA TREND: This Canadian timber-frame house, designed for the needs of this country, has been built and furnished by Heal and Son, Limited, and is sponsored by the British Columbia Lumber Manufacturers Association and the Canadian Government.

On right—
O ACHING BACKS: This formal garden, by Wells (Merstham) Limited, has been designed for ease of upkeep at all times of the year.

season of the year and other circumstances musical authenticity. The display of tulips, t with a nursery at Spalding, in Lincolnshire.

DIVIDED IRELAND

The North Tightens Border Precautions Against Raids from Eire

Scarcely a week goes by without reports of violence in Northern Ireland. Usually they occur close to the border with Eire. Bombs are thrown into public buildings or installations, attempts are made, not always ineffectually, to blow up police headquarters. Damage is considerable and there are not infrequently serious casualties. These incidents are grim reminders that the Irish question which dominated English domestic politics for the first two decades of the century is still a live issue in Eire and that the separation of the Six Northern Counties is not forgotten. Recently there seems to have been an increase in the violence which is, without doubt, instigated, and often carried out, by the I.R.A. from the south. Police and others on the northern side of the border have to be ever on the alert. Cars must be stopped and their occupants questioned, by-roads patrolled, rivers and waterways watched. Last week, politics in Eire took a new turn with the return of Mr. De Valera at the General Election. It remains to be seen whether "Dev" and his Fianna Fail will set out to repress the senseless civil war which their extremist fellow-countrymen who support the activities of the I.R.A. are perpetuating across the border.

A SEARCH NEAR THE BORDER: A party of the Royal Ulster Constabulary examines a cart on a road close to the frontier between Northern Ireland and Eire. Both places shown on the signpost are border towns inside Eire

A CHECK-POINT BETWEEN NORTHERN IRELAND AND EIRE: At Clones cars are stopped and the occupants' papers checked. Recent incidents in Northern Ireland, which have been caused by raiders from the Irish Republican Army, have led to greater precautions on the border, and closer search of those crossing between North and South.

SAFETY PRECAUTIONS AT A POLICE HEADQUARTERS: A car is stopped by the sandbags at the entrance to the Royal Ulster Constabulary headquarters in Enniskillen. On the left a constable holds his gun at the ready.

NO RESPITE FOR THE POLICE: *Left*—An armed Royal Ulster constable patrols by the River Erne, near Enniskillen. The river is known to be used by illegal entrants into Northern Ireland. *Right*—Men of the R.U.C. search a disused farm-house near the border for hidden weapons. There have been no signs of decrease in the recent outbreak of violence on the Northern Ireland—Eire border. It is not yet possible to anticipate whether the return to power of Mr. De Valera in Dublin will lead to an easing of the tension.

ISRAEL WITHDRAWS FROM SINAI

The Start of the Hand-over to the United Nations Force

After Mr. Ben-Gurion announced that Israel would withdraw from Sinai and the Gaza Strip, it was not certain for a few days how soon the evacuation would take place. Owing to certain statements by American spokesmen, the Israelis had to be reassured that there would be sufficient international guarantees to prevent the Egyptians re-establishing the *status quo* of last October. And in Jerusalem the Israeli Prime Minister had to justify his policy of withdrawal to the Knesset (Israeli Parliament). It had been anticipated that there might be considerable opposition to the evacuation, but after the debate, which was opened and closed by Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Government Coalition voted solidly for him and the Prime Minister had a large majority.

Meanwhile, on the military side General Burns and General Dayan had met in Lydda to discuss the hand-over to the United Nations Emergency Force of the territory occupied by Israel. The Israelis began their withdrawal from Gaza and from the coast of the Gulf of Aqaba on Wednesday of last week. By Friday the operation was completed. U.N.E.F. forces had taken over from them, but it was not at all clear how far their powers would run regarding civil administration, and there were fears in Israel that Egyptian trouble-makers might soon be active again.

PLANNING THE WITHDRAWAL: Major-General Burns (left), the Commander-in-Chief, United Nations Emergency Force, meets General Dayan, the Israeli Commander-in-Chief, at Lydda Airport to discuss the withdrawal from Sinai.

On left—
AN IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION FOR MR. BEN-GURION: Mr. Lawson (left), U.S. Ambassador in Jerusalem, talks with the Israeli Premier after delivering President Eisenhower's letter expressing gratification at the decision to withdraw.

On right—
OPPOSITION TO THE WITHDRAWAL: Speaking in Tel Aviv is Dr. Altman, leader of one of the parties which unsuccessfully opposed the withdrawal.

THE WITHDRAWAL BEGINS: Military equipment and stores are loaded into the Israeli frigate *Mivtakh* at Sharm el Sheikh, on the coast of the Gulf of Aqaba. This was a first stage in the withdrawal of Israeli forces which was completed from here in less than two days.

On right—
UNITED NATIONS TROOPS PREPARE TO ADVANCE: Members of a Swedish unit of U.N.E.F. check their equipment at a forward post in Sinai before their advance into the Gaza Strip. There they took over from the Israeli forces, who withdrew after four months' occupation.

NEW HOPE FOR CRINAN

An Early 19th-Century Canal in Scotland Could Serve the Forests now Maturing along Knapdale and Loch Crinan

Petrol rationing, and the long, circuitous road journey from the lochs of the west coast of Scotland to Glasgow, have drawn attention to the importance of the country's canals. And this is especially true now that timber is maturing on Forestry Commission land. Talks are in progress between responsible bodies, and it is the opinion of Mr. W. F. Walker, resident engineer on the Crinan Canal, that the direct transport of timber from the forest to collieries, paper-mills and other places can be greatly developed. Similarly, crofters believe that more use could be made of water transport to supply fertilisers and feeding-stuffs, and to serve as a cheaper and quicker way of marketing their produce.

In view of these opinions there is new hope for the Crinan Canal, which was once described as Scotland's Panama. This canal, in Argyllshire, stretches for a distance of nearly nine miles and crosses Kintyre at its narrow neck between Loch Gilp and Loch Crinan. It saves a long and exposed sea passage and is a rapid route between the west coast and the Clyde. The Crinan became a white elephant because its resemblance to the Panama ended with its geographic similarity. It was built in 1801 to assist fishermen to travel quickly from Highland ports to the Clyde. Owing to lack of money its construction was so bad that it was always being closed for repair. If it had been delayed for another fifty years it might have made all the difference to the Western Highlands. As it was, the fishing trade did not prosper, and the canal did little to alleviate the poverty and isolation of the isles.

There are three main reaches : the east, which rises to 32 ft. from the pleasant fields of Ardrishaig; the summit at 64 ft. with its hills and fine woods, and the west, which descends to the sea in the great flat known as the Moss of Crinan.

Apart from being too small for steam vessels, the faults of design were such that many skippers preferred to face the Mull rather than risk their boats on the bends and rocky corners. They were faced with delays at every one of the fifteen locks on the climb up to 64 ft. and down again. The fact that 15 tons of propellers were taken out in 1878, when the western reach was cleared, shows that the danger is not overstated, especially when eleven vessels had to be raised from the bottom within the next forty years. There have been no drastic changes since then. But it is a most useful canal, the users being mainly yachts, fishing-craft and cargo vessels.

It is the cargo vessel, known as the puffer, which offers most hope for the future. These little vessels do not require harbours and they are easily beached. They can pick up timber anywhere, as well as taking coal and cargoes to the remotest sea lochs. It seems fair to believe that rafts of timber could be towed through the Crinan Canal to the timber yards on the Clyde. Unfortunately the canal does not pay its way, despite its popularity. But it would be an interesting outcome of petrol rationing if good use could be made of it.

Tom Weir

LOOKING DOWN ON THE WESTERN OUTLET OF THE CRINAN CANAL : A yacht is just clearing the harbour where the canal joins the Sound of Jura. The Crinan Canal was originally built to help the depressed fishing industry and to arrest the drift of population from the islands by providing better communications, but did not fulfil its purpose owing to faulty workmanship, which caused breakdowns and delays. Now there is a possibility that the canal might be brought back into greater use.

On left—
PASSING FORESTRY COMMISSION LAND : The puffer *Pibroch* enters one of the basins of the summit reach alongside a stretch of forestry land. Shortage of water in the basins has been a frequent cause of failure of the canal, as there is little clearance even at peak water-level. *Below*—Near the summit of the Crinan at 64 ft. above sea-level. By digging another 32 ft. for 1¼ miles, the engineers could have saved eight time-wasting locks.

THE "PIBROCH" ENTERS THE CANAL FROM ARDRISHAIG, ON LOCH FYNE : This type of craft, which does not require a harbour, can be easily beached. It could be used for towing timber through the canal to the Clyde.

A DISASTROUS AIR CRASH

Seventeen Lives were Lost when an R.A.F. Transport Plane Crashed near Abingdon, in Berkshire

THE SCENE OF THE CRASH OF AN R.A.F. BEVERLEY TRANSPORT: The tailplane of a giant four-engined Blackburn Beverley of Transport Command leans against the roof of a farm building after crashing at Sutton Wick, Drayton, near Abingdon, in Berkshire. Fifteen servicemen and two civilians were killed in the disaster, which occurred shortly after the transport plane had taken off from the R.A.F. base at Abingdon for the Middle East. Only two of the crew and one passenger escaped alive. Also on board the aircraft were eight police dogs, six of which were killed—the other two had to be destroyed when found later. The two civilians who lost their lives were a housewife and an electricity meter reader who were killed instantly when the aircraft hit a prefabricated house before somersaulting after the crash. Soon after the take-off the Beverley developed engine trouble and was returning to the airfield when it struck a tree at Sutton Wick. An eye-witness who was working in an adjoining field said that he heard the aircraft flying low and then saw it crash and burst into flames. Rescue workers were able to get several airmen out alive but some of them, including the pilot, died later

PART OF THE UNDERCARRIAGE OF THE TRANSPORT: A section of the four-wheeled undercarriage lies in a lane near the farmhouse. The plane broke up after crashing.

AFTER THE CRASH: One of the four engines of the Blackburn Beverley, with its propeller blades still attached, lies among the wreckage of plane and farmhouse. In the background is a gaping hole in one of the walls of the house. A caravan and a prefabricated house which were in the line of this crash were completely obliterated.

THE END OF A TRAGIC JOURNEY: The battered tailplane rests against the ruined roof of one of the farmhouses at Sutton Wick. The rest of the aircraft was scattered over the surrounding area of the little farm. The Blackburn Beverley is the largest type of transport aircraft used by the Royal Air Force. It is capable of carrying up to 100 men.

REMNANTS FROM THE DISASTER: A violin in its case and a small attache case lie beside part of the aircraft's undercarriage in a lane behind the farm.

THE HEAD OF A BRITISH PUBLISHING FIRM WHICH IS TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD NEXT MONTH: Mr. Michael Joseph is the Chairman and Managing Director of the distinguished publishing house which bears his name and which he founded in 1936. His headquarters are in Bloomsbury, in Central London.

THE PUBLISHER AND HIS STAFF: Mr. Michael Joseph sits at the desk. In the Behind her are, from the left: Mr. Roland Gant, Editorial Manager; Mr. Charles Sales Manager; Mr. Jeremy Hadfield, Advertising and Publicity Manager; and

The BUSINESS of PUBLISHING

The Firm of Michael Joseph is Celebrating its Twenty-First Birthday.

Its Story Helps to Explain why the British are the World's Keenest Readers

The discerning reader looks on the title-page of a book for the name of the publisher as well as the name of the author. The imprint of certain firms is in itself a guarantee against what is known in the book trade as "tripe." One knows that the author, whatever his subject, has something to say worth reading. Among British publishers of good repute is Michael Joseph, and next month this firm reaches an important landmark—its twenty-first birthday.

The story of Michael Joseph, Limited, is in many ways a small part of the wider and astonishing story of publishing in Britain. The British are the most avid book readers in the world. In 1956, 19,107 titles were published in Great Britain. Of this total, 5,302 were reprints and new editions, the remainder entirely new works. The comparable figures for the United States of America, which has over three times the population of Britain, was only 12,538, of which 2,531 were reprints and new editions.

These are startling statistics and a tribute to the British publishers' faith in their reading public and flair for finding authors who satisfy the readers' demands. The annual contribution of Michael Joseph to the grand total is not a large one in numbers. From its headquarters in a small house in Bloomsbury, in Central London, it aims at producing no more than fifty new books each year. But many of them are by authors who sell soundly, and not a few turn out to be those dreams of publishers, best-sellers.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MERMAID: Outside the door in a street in Central London hangs the mermaid sign which is the imprint of the house of Michael Joseph.

How does a publisher start, how does he select his authors, how does he establish a reputation? These and many other questions can be answered by a study of the Michael Joseph story. It was in 1936 that Mr. Michael Joseph, the Chairman and Managing Director, launched the firm which bears his name. He had had some experience on the staff of publishing houses. Needless to say, there were many Jonahs in his profession who warned him of the inevitability of failure in his venture.

The initial problem for a new publisher is to decide what sort of books he is going to publish. Some firms tend to specialise in technical works, others in textbooks, yet others in reprinting classics or minor classics. A large house will sometimes be hydra-headed and issue more or less every class of work from fiction to applied sciences. Joseph's planned only a small list and plunged into the most speculative market of all by deciding that the bulk of it should be fiction.

Having determined the type of books to be published, the next question is obviously that of finding the authors who write the work worth publishing. Generally speaking, there are three ways in which publishers get their authors.

The first is to attract already established names. This is by no means easy. Professional writers often have long-term contracts with particular houses, and for reasons of loyalty and common sense have no wish to break partnerships which are mutually beneficial and may even have made them. Further, the established author who is thinking of a new publisher will understandably regard himself as offering himself in a competitive market and, all things being equal, take the highest bid. A freshly-launched publisher with limited capital has little chance in such competition. Michael Joseph's have never put much faith in this field of activity, but through the years, as their reputation has grown, they have included occasionally on their lists eminent names, among them H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell, the Duchess of Windsor and David Low.

It is on the other two methods of finding authors that a new publisher usually flourishes or founders, and Joseph's have been no exception. These methods are the publication of unsuccessful authors with the intention of turning them into successes and the discovery of entirely new talent. It is surprising how many authors produce numerous books before they impress their names on the public mind. If one looks opposite the title-page of a best-seller there is often a long list of previous publications by the author, none of which probably is bad in style or in plot, but somehow has failed to sell. One of the great arts of the publisher is to take the unsuccessful author and transform him into a success. In this respect Joseph's can show a remarkable record. Who, before 1936, was familiar with the work of C. S. Forester? He had, in fact, published thirteen books with three publishers. Then he took a new manuscript to Joseph's in the year of its foundation. The result was a best-seller, *The General*, and with the succeeding series of Hornblower romances, Forester has been a great favourite with the public ever since.

A BEST-SELLING AUTHORESS: Miss Monica Dickens talks with Mr. Pick, the Trade Manager of Michael Joseph. It was Mr. Pick who "discovered" this writer for his firm.

Two other examples of this kind from the Joseph lists are worth quoting—Joyce Cary and H. E. Bates. The latter had written twenty-eight books before he went to the firm in Bloomsbury Street. All the books were of high quality, but none had sold in quantity. Under the imprint of Joseph both Cary and Bates found a much wider public which they have never lost.

The transformation of comparative failure into success is not a one-man job. The head of a publishing firm takes the decision to publish a certain author, but it is his staff, on both the production and selling sides, who see that the book is presented in the best possible way to the public. Every successful publishing house is a well-combined team.

The team work applies more than ever to the third means of finding authors—the discovery of entirely new talent. Every year a vast number of books are written in manuscript in Britain. Almost every one of them is sent to a publisher. Contrary to the conviction of unsuccessful potential authors, all manuscripts sent to reputable publishing houses are read with care. Someone must give the

foreground is his secretary, Miss K. Millar. S. Pick, Trade Manager; Mr. Peter Hebdon, Mr. Victor Morrison, Production Manager.

THE FINAL STAGE IN THE PUBLICATION OF BOOKS: Behind the trade counter volumes of many sizes and kinds are ready for issuing to the booksellers. In the left foreground of the picture is Mr. F. Wood, the head of Michael Joseph's trade counter. The firm publishes about fifty new titles a year and in its twenty-one years of life has made for itself a reputation which extends far outside Great Britain.

FOUR OUTSTANDING NOVELISTS: H. E. Bates (*left*), Joyce Cary (*left centre*) and C. S. Forester (*right centre*) had each published a number of books without great recognition before going to Michael Joseph. The firm transformed them into outstanding successes. Richard Gordon (*on right*) was a best-seller from his first book, *Doctor in the House*.

IN THE MICHAEL JOSEPH TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY LIST: *Left*—John Masters has a new novel about India. *Left centre*—Richard Llewellyn has a novel about Herculaneum and the Ancient World. *Right centre*—A. G. Street has a story with a country background. *Right*—Hugh Ross Williamson adds to his reputation with another historical book.

thousands of typescripts serious consideration. For, who knows, among them there may be a *David Copperfield* or a *Wuthering Heights*. Or, at any rate, an unknown writer worth reading and worth further encouragement.

On the publisher's reader lies the primary responsibility. Often a manuscript will be sent round two or three readers. Their reports may be widely conflicting. With these opinions before them, and having read the manuscript themselves, the publisher and his staff have to make the final decision. They do not necessarily look for best-sellers; indeed, in fiction it is utterly impossible to forecast what is going to be a best-seller and what is not. What they do hope to find is an author of promise who can gradually be built up.

A case in point at Michael Joseph's is John Masters, author of *Bhowani Junction*, who, with each new publication, seems to go from strength to strength. Occasionally the gamble comes off with the first book. (Publishing new authors is a complete gamble from the financial point of view.) Monica Dickens had an instant success with *One Pair of Hands*. The fact that she published with Michael Joseph brought him another best-selling author whose advent has now become a legend in the firm's annals.

One day a manuscript was received in the Bloomsbury publishing house. After considerable revision by the author it was published as *Doctor in the House*. This first best-seller and Richard Gordon's three subsequent books have together sold to date over a million copies. The author has admitted that the only reason why he brought his "doctor" to the house of Joseph was because they had been so successful with Monica Dickens.

But exceptions are never the rule. The wise publisher knows that he cannot maintain reputation and financial stability on speculation in potential best-sellers. The essential is to have what is called in the book trade a sound back-list; that is, to have authors whose works the public read and are prepared to go on reading.

Luck, flair, good organisation and staff work are the basis of sound publishing. The firm of Michael Joseph is a small example out of the whole field of British publishing. Its twenty-first birthday list contains, besides fiction, books of biography, history, travel and much else besides. The reader can be assured that every volume is sound, in the sense that it has something worth saying and which the publisher believes meets the high standards of the British book trade. There are several older British publishers than Michael Joseph. It could be said that the firm is not yet a "tradition." But having weathered the storms of twenty-one years there can be little doubt that it will soon become one. Looking forward from its majority, one can see a future in which the British public can take pride and, since books are one of Britain's export trades, not a little profit.

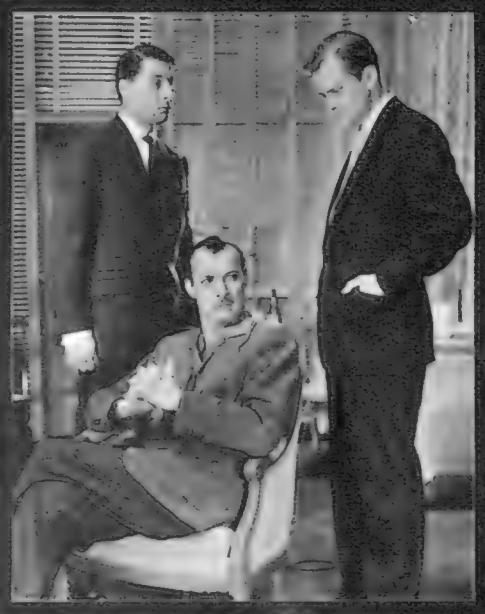
A WRITER OF THRILLERS: Max Murray, who died last year, had made a big reputation with a series of thrillers. However, his posthumous book, *Twilight at Dawn*, is a serious novel with a background in Australia.

MISS CLEMENCE DANE: The famous dramatist and authoress paints outside a house in the country. She has published a novel with Michael Joseph and is the editor of a series of science fiction books published by the firm.

TRAGEDIES, A COMEDY, A THRILLER

New Shows in the London Theatres

Antony and Cleopatra is often regarded as a tragedy dealing with the love of mature adults, as opposed to *Romeo and Juliet*, which is concerned with adolescence. However, at the Old Vic Mr. Robert Helpmann, the producer, brings out another aspect of the play—the tragedy of the decadence of a man and woman of great ability. Antony and Cleopatra are shown as powerful characters in decline, hence the Triumvir's dalliance with the Egyptian Queen and his inability to cope with matters of urgent import. Cleopatra is played by Margaret Whiting, who is a Gold Medallist of R.A.D.A.



"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" AT THE OLD VIC: Keith Michell, as Antony, and Margaret Whiting (Cleopatra) are the chief figures in this scene in the Egyptian Court in the new production at the Old Vic.

On right—
A STRONG DRAMA AT THE PRINCES THEATRE: Sally Ann Howes and Bonar Colleano are seen together in a tense scene in the climax of *A Hatful of Rain*. They play the parts of husband and wife in this play set in America by Michael V. Gazzo. The husband, who has served in the Korean War, has become a drug-taker. But it is not until the climax that the wife discovers his secret. Sam Wanamaker, who directs, has the other leading part.

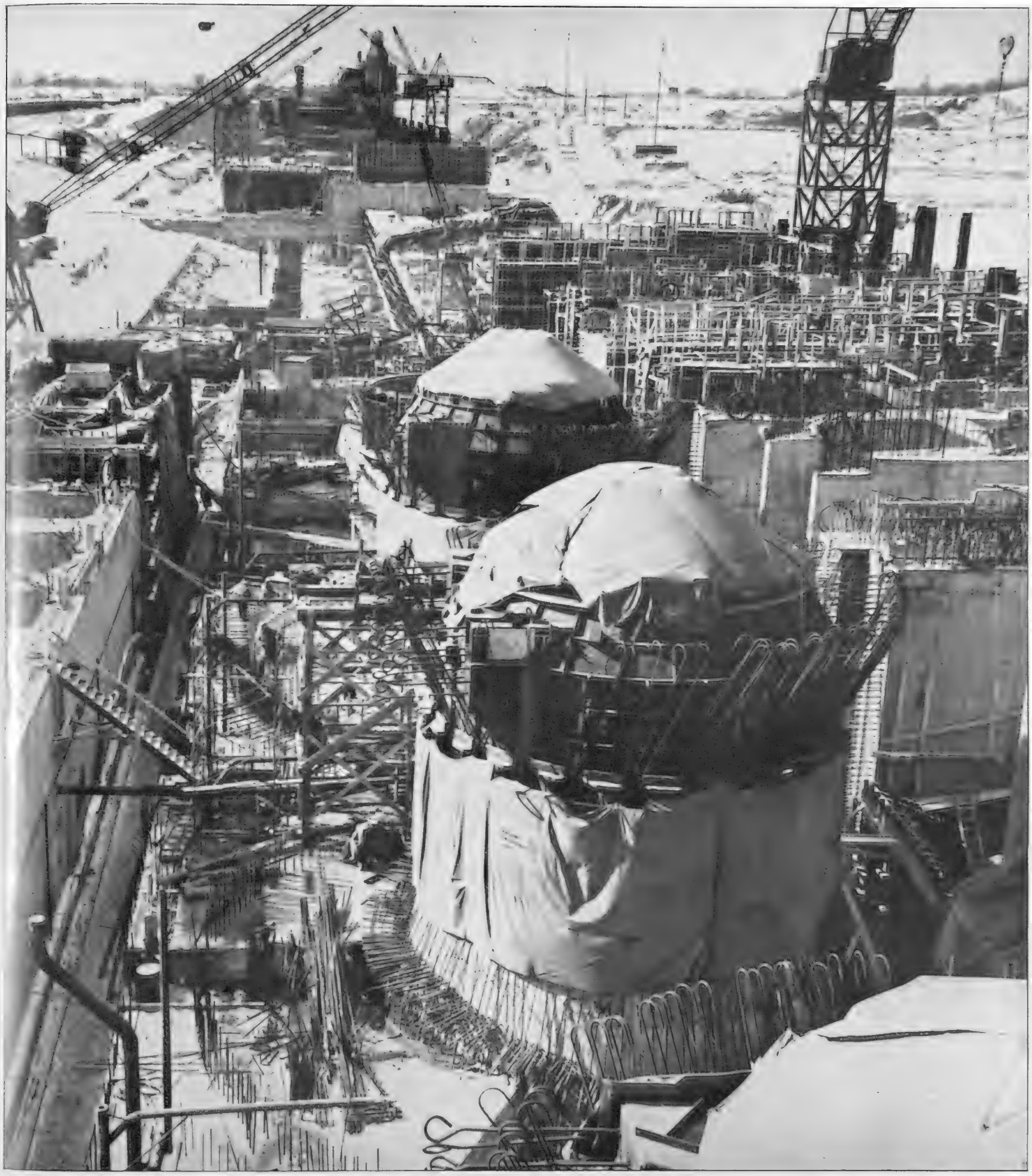
A THRILLER AT THE SAVOY THEATRE: *Left*—In *Subway in the Sky* Margaret Lockwood is Dinah Holland. *Right*—Zachary Scott (sitting) in the role of Baxter, a deserter from the American Army, is questioned by Nigel Stock (right), who plays the part of Grierson, a police investigator. Reed de Rouen, as Joseph Hopkins, is on left. The play, by Ian Main, is set in an apartment in New York rented by Dinah Holland. Here the deserter, Major Baxter, seeks refuge. Dinah's love for Baxter, his belief that he is the victim of a political intrigue as he was once a Communist, and the couple's attempts to evade the police, build up a tense plot.

A FRENCH COMPANY IN LONDON: Madame Edwige Feuillère (Marguerite Gautier) and Bernard Noël (Armand Duval) are in *La Dame Aux Camelias* at the Palace Theatre. Dumas' immortal romantic drama is one of the four plays which Madame Feuillère's company is presenting during its current four-week season in London. The other plays in the season are Racine's *Phedre*, *La Parisienne* by André Becq, and *La Carosse du Saint-Sacrement*, by Prosper Mérimée.

A SATIRICAL COMEDY FROM THE UNITED STATES: At the Aldwych Theatre in London in *Olive Ogilvie* are, from the left, Reginald Jarman, in the part of Mr. Kronberg; Yolande Donlan (Olive Ogilvie); Patricia Marmont (Betty Grassman); Phil Brown (Sam Grassman); and John Justin (Alec Grimes). The author, who is also the producer, is Mr. Henry Denker. This is the first time this American dramatist's work has been seen in London. The play satirises some modern schools of drama.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER for NORTH AMERICA



A JOINT CANADIAN-AMERICAN POWER POOL ON THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY: These three turbines will form part of the Barnhart Island power pool which is being created jointly by the United States and Canada on the St. Lawrence Seaway in Ontario, between Cornwall and Iroquois Point, farther up-river. The turbines, which are now being built up, are covered with tarpaulins in order to allow the men to continue their work in the extremely cold weather. So far some 470,000 cubic yards of concrete have been placed in the power-house structure. Work is progressing on the dam which also forms part of the power project.

The greater part of the vast sum of just under £250,000,000 which is being spent on the International Rapids section of the St. Lawrence Seaway is for hydro-electric installations. The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of the Province of Ontario and the Power Authority of New York State are jointly responsible for these schemes, the main feature of which will be the creation of a "power pool." This is being constructed inside the dams at either end of the section stretching from Cornwall upstream to Iroquois Point, and there will eventually be a total installed hydro-electric capacity of 2,200,000 h.p. Two locks are being built off Cornwall Island, at the entrance to the Long Sault by-pass canal, and the Seaway is designed to flow through this stretch in order to by-pass the power-dam. It will, however, enter the power pool itself and continue up-river for some thirty miles to Iroquois Lock.

The St. Lawrence power project involves the installation of a total of thirty-two large water turbines—sixteen on the Canadian side of the international boundary and the other sixteen on the American side. As far as the Canadian side is concerned the manufacture and supervision of the erection of the sixteen fixed propeller-type water turbines is being carried out to the order of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, by John Inglis Co., Ltd., of Toronto, the Canadian associates of the English Electric Company. Each of the turbines is rated at 75,000 h.p. and will normally operate at 94·7 revolutions per minute. They have been designed to give a run-away speed of 200 revolutions per minute, in order to facilitate considerably the task of designing the corresponding generators. The runner diameter will be 21 ft. and the shaft will be no less than 39 ins. in diameter. Although they are being built to the designs of the English Electric Company the turbines are being made in Canada. The order is valued at 7,500,000 dollars. At the time of the award, the contract was one of the largest ever placed in any part of the world for machines of this type.

AIR DEVELOPMENTS IN THE UNITED STATES

THE FIRST BOEING 707

On right—

THE NOSE SECTION FOR THE PRODUCTION BOEING 707: The first of 134 Boeing commercial jet transports now on order has had its nose moved from the jig and placed in position at the head of the production line at Renton, near Seattle. This first production aircraft will be delivered to Pan American Airways late in 1958, and it is expected to go into service early in 1959. Ten other major airlines, including B.O.A.C., have ordered the Boeing 707. The aircraft is the only long-range pure-jet airliner available to the world's airlines with the exception of the Douglas DC-8 of which nearly the same number have been ordered. The Boeing 707, sometimes called the Stratoliner, is a direct development of the Boeing B-47 Stratojet bomber series. Its direct military equivalent is the Stratotanker. This aircraft made its first flight on August 31, 1956, and will be the standard aerial tanker for the B-52 wings of the U.S.A.F. Strategic Air Command. In July 1955, the U.S.A.F. advised Boeing that it had no objection to the company building commercial jet aircraft concurrent with military production. The company was ready to offer a commercial version of the Model 707 before the end of 1955. The Boeing 707's only rival in the pure-jet field, the Douglas DC-8, has not yet flown. However, such is the confidence many airlines have in this company that eleven have placed firm orders with Douglas. P.A.A. is buying the 707 and the DC-8. Britain does not at present compete with these aircraft and all efforts are bent upon producing a type for the "next generation."

AIRBORNE RADAR

Below—

A NEW EARLY-WARNING RADAR AIRCRAFT IS TEST-FLOWN: A giant mushroom seems to sit on this diminutive Grumman WF-2 as it flies over Long Island, in the United States. This particular aircraft has been built to test the aerodynamic feasibility of carrying a large radome on such a small machine, and tests have so far proved successful. The large tail unit acts as a stabiliser in flight. The WF-2, which is being developed by the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation for the U.S. Navy, is a modification of a passenger and cargo aircraft, the TF-1 Trader. The primary purpose of the WF-2 is to give early warning to aircraft-carriers of the approach of enemy aircraft and to control friendly carrier-borne fighters in the interception of such an enemy. The WF-2 is suitable for operation from all U.S. carriers and is equipped with the latest navigational devices for all-weather flying. The aircraft has provision for five seats but needs an operational crew of only four. It carries the latest type of radar for its function. The electronic system for the new aircraft will be produced by the Hazeltine Electronic Corporation of Little Neck, New York; this firm has worked in close co-operation with Grumman in the design and development of the system. The skin of the radar housing of the prototype WF-2 is of aluminium alloy, but production versions will have a radome of fibre-glass. Both the U.S. Air Force and Navy have had land-based "flying radar stations" in service for some years. Four-engined aircraft are on continual patrol many miles out from the American continent.

TESTING A GIANT

On left—

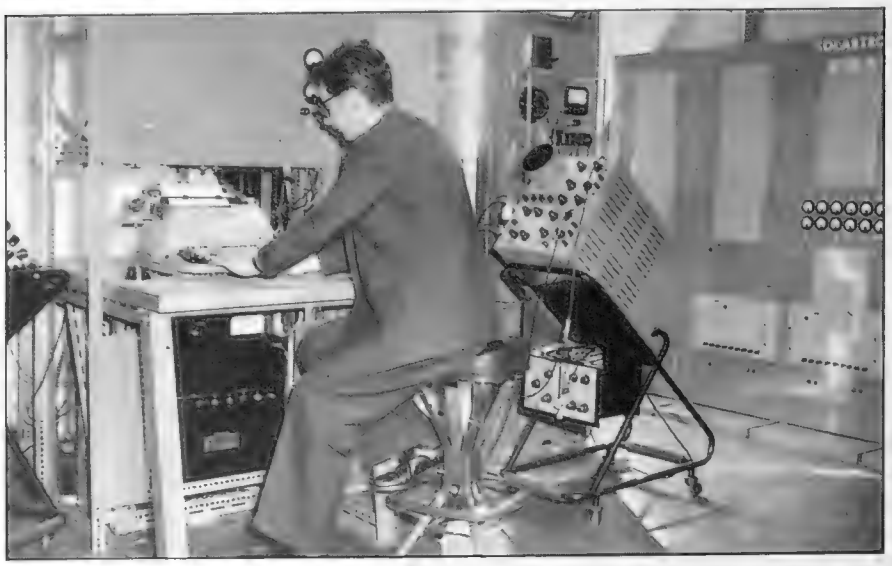
A HERCULES PROP-JET TRANSPORT "FLIES" UNDER WATER: This artist's impression shows how Lockheed Aircraft engineers at Marietta, Georgia, are testing the 62-ton aircraft in 20,000 underwater "flights." The aim of these hydrostatic fatigue tests is to see how the Hercules endures more than a "lifetime" of flying. The steel tank holds 270,000 gallons of water, is 100 ft. long, 20 ft. wide and 20 ft. deep. The hut on the left houses automatic electrical equipment. The jacks on either side of the tank take the place of wings; various wing loadings can be simulated in this way. During the tests, the tank and fuselage are filled with water, then more water is pumped into the fuselage so that the pressure inside is greater than that outside, as it would be when a pressurised aircraft is flying at cruising height. At the same time the wing loadings are varied. Frogmen (lower left, on floor of tank) are checking the exterior skin of the Hercules fuselage for any signs of weakness after a series of "flights." The tank is also provided with a transparent observation panel on one side so that it is possible to photograph the submerged fuselage. The C-130 Hercules aircraft has probably undergone more stringent testing than any similar type in service. Hot weather trials took place at El Centro, California, last summer and cold weather trials are now nearing completion in Alaska. In Britain the Britannia airliner was the first aircraft to undergo a tank test before entering service, but this method of testing is now necessary for civil transports to ensure that they meet the structural fatigue requirements of the Air Registration Board.

THE HUSTLER ARMED FOR WAR: This is the first picture released of the U.S.A.F. B-58 Hustler fitted with its detachable "pod." The aircraft is built by the General Dynamics Corporation's Convair Division at its Fort Worth, Texas, plant and is now undergoing flight testing there. The detachable capsule enables the aircraft to perform a greater variety of military tasks including the carrying of guided missiles and reconnaissance.

AMERICA'S SUPERSONIC BOMBER

The first supersonic bomber for the United States Air Force, the Convair B-58 Hustler, was specifically designed to carry out a number of functions. The complexity of a single type of machine to-day makes it essential that the variety of types in service is limited. The Hustler will be capable of carrying out a great variety of missions thanks to the detachable container—virtually another fuselage—which is seen underneath its fuselage proper. All the "operational" equipment of the B-58 is housed in these streamlined containers, some of which will carry bombs or guided missiles, others television or photographic equipment. It is also planned to fit some pods with anti-guided missile counter-measures equipment. Thus in a very short space of time the Hustler is capable of performing the part of bomber, reconnaissance aircraft and defence fighter. For its multitude of functions the Hustler is a small aircraft; its wing-span is only 55 ft. and its length 95 ft. The prototype, which is seen here for the first time fitted with a weapons pod, was completed in September of last year. The B-58 is powered by four J-79 turbojets, slung low under the delta-shaped wings. It is being developed under the "weapon system concept," which makes Convair responsible for finding all items of equipment (except engines) previously furnished by the Government.

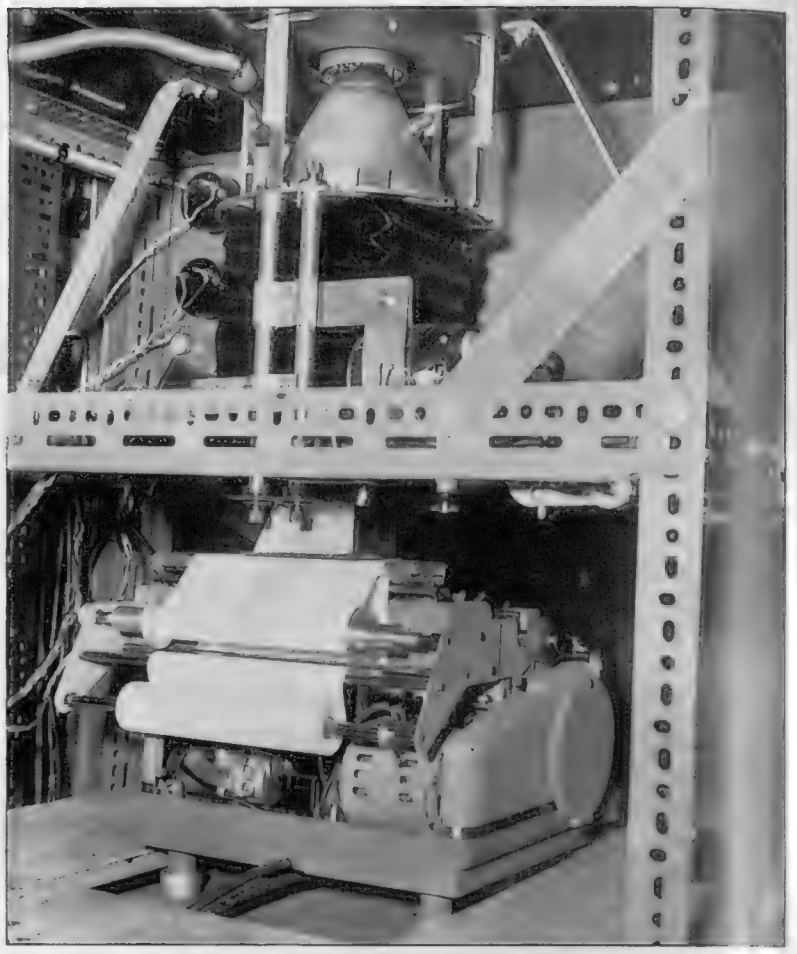
RECENT PRODUCTIONS in SEVERAL MEDIUMS



DEMONSTRATING THE ELECTRONIC READING MACHINE: The pilot machine of a whole series of electronic reading automatons is demonstrated at Goodwyns Place, Dorking, Surrey, where it was developed by Solartron Electronic Business Machines Ltd. In front of the demonstrator is the scanning unit, and, on extreme right, the memory and logic unit.

The Solartron Electronic Reading Automaton which has been developed by an English electronics firm is basically a requirement which computor machines have lacked to date. Hitherto the material fed into computors has had to be prepared by humans, but the electronic reading machine will now prepare the material and feed it in itself. The pilot model consists of three main pieces—the paper-feed, the scanner and the recogniser (or logic and memory unit). The information, which could consist of job cards, invoices or checks, for example, is fed in on rollers. It is then scanned or "read" and submitted to the recognising unit for the relevant to be sifted from the irrelevant. The machine can read 120 characters a second.

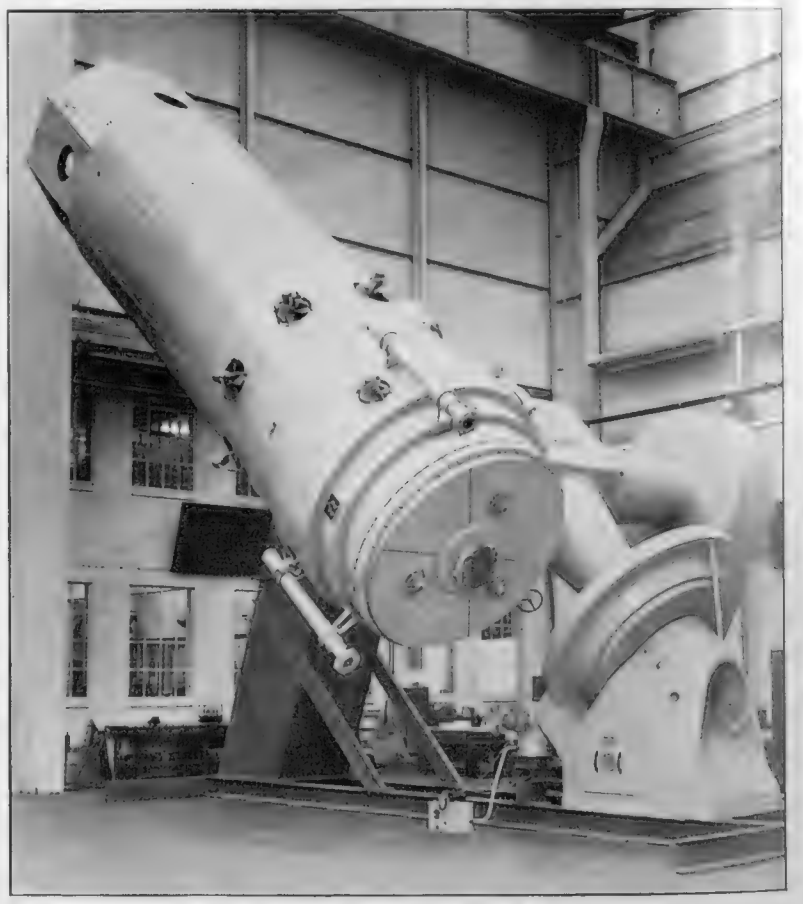
THE SOLARTRON ELECTRONIC READING AUTOMATON



THE SCANNER SEEN FROM THE BACK: Above the roll of paper on the electric typewriter is the eyepiece of the scanning unit. This task in the process is done by a specialised cathode ray tube, the beam of which can be moved millions of times a second over the lines of information without stopping the flow.

A PENDULAR RAIL CAR

A NEW RAIL CAR IS TESTED ON THE FRENCH RAILWAYS: This pendular rail car has recently been built by the French Railways (S.N.C.F.) and is now being tested. *On right*—The car leaning at an angle in the workshops of Sotteville, near Rouen, where it was built. When entering corners the upper part of the coach can lean over at a maximum angle of 18 degrees, thus counteracting the centrifugal force, allowing more comfort for the passengers and permitting the corners to be taken at higher speeds. It is estimated that the car would be able to run between Paris and Lyon or Paris and Bordeaux at a speed of over 110 m.p.h. without slowing down for the bends. The pendular car, which in its present form is only a prototype model, can carry thirty-two passengers and has an overall length of more than 72 ft. Its total weight is 37 tons.



A BRITISH-MADE TELESCOPE IN FRANCE

THE NEW TELESCOPE IN THE ST. MICHEL OBSERVATORY, BASSES ALPES, FRANCE: The main tube of this telescope, which is completely novel in design, was built at Newcastle-on-Tyne by Sir Howard Grubb Parsons and Company Limited. It is a conventional parabolic reflector having a 75-in. aperture glass mirror. Electronic equipment is used to provide a drive at a selected speed, constant to within 1 part in 10,000, which is imparted to the telescope by means of a worm and wheel. One of the features of the telescope is that it is air-conditioned to ensure that the air in the light path is at a uniform temperature thus preventing distortion and consequent errors in photographic and spectrographic astronomy. When the telescope is in use, air is extracted from the space between the two skins of the main tube by fifteen propeller fans built by Woods of Colchester, an associate of the General Electric Company Ltd. At the same time, air is drawn in from outside the observatory into the interior of the tube, creating a continuous flow of air. The fans are designed to move about 14,440 cubic ft. of air per minute.

GAZA AND SUEZ

The Opening Stages in the New Crisis

On left—

ON THE ROAD HOME: An Israeli tank unit makes its way from Rafa, at the southern end of the Gaza Strip, during the evacuation of the area by the occupying forces of Israel. Occasional shots were fired at the Israeli forces as they moved towards their frontier, but a curfew and bad weather prevented any serious incidents. As the Israelis left, U.N.E.F. took over in the strip. The 2,600 U.N. troops included Danish, Norwegian, Indian, Colombian, Yugoslav and Swedish units. There was a brief taking-over ceremony in Gaza market square.

WELCOME TO THE UNITED NATIONS: A motorised column of the United Nations Emergency Force enters Gaza under an improvised archway. But a grave situation arose because of U.N.'s ill-defined powers regarding civil administration.

CELEBRATING THE WITHDRAWAL OF ISRAEL: A large crowd is gathered in Gaza. Banners and pictures welcoming the arrival of U.N.E.F. vie with others extolling Nasser and Egypt and vilifying Britain, France and Israel. Such demonstrations were a prelude to Nasser's new act of defiance in appointing, without consultation, an Egyptian administration for Gaza.

ANOTHER BLOCKSHIP RAISED FROM THE SUEZ CANAL : The *Louis Perrier*, with its side covered in seaweed, floats again. At the beginning of this week there were still disputes between Egypt and the U.N. about raising the more serious remaining obstacles in the Canal, notably the *Edgar Bonnet*. *On left*—Dutch salvage cranes belonging to the U.N. salvage team raise the dredger *Louis Perrier* from a point some 30 miles south of Port Said.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAYS IN BRITTANY

The Rugged Coasts, Fine Sands and Attractive Resorts of this Corner of France have a Unique Appeal

By GORDON COOPER

PERROS-GUIREC ON THE BRITTANY COAST: Roughly seven miles north of Lannion, Perros-Guirec is the largest of the chain of resorts marking the Granite Coast. It is one of Brittany's most popular bathing resorts, with a mild climate and superb beaches. Vast boulders of rose-coloured granite in strange shapes lie scattered everywhere and give the coast an unforgettable aspect.

SURELY no part of continental Europe, apart from Paris, offers a more constant and popular appeal to Britons than does Brittany—ancient Armorica, the "country of the sea." For this green province, with its wild, rugged coastline, exercises a haunting lure for all sea-loving people, while its magnificent sandy beaches make it the perfect answer to anyone with a young family who is seeking a carefree holiday abroad. In addition, this corner of France is easily reached by sea or by air, and its hotel prices are as reasonable as any in the country.

Apart, however, from its seaside attractions, the Breton countryside is rich in its range of interests. Here is a land of mysteries, legends, superstitions. Here romance is to be found in the everyday lives of many of its people. The Breton culture, in fact, has strong links with our own Celts of Cornwall and Wales—a not surprising condition, seeing that the ancestors of the Bretons were migrants originally from Britain, driven from their island homeland by the Anglo-Saxon invasions of the fifth and sixth centuries.

To the lover of nature and to the artist there is the delight of the Breton coastal scenery, often wild, yet exhilaratingly beautiful all the time. To the escapist there are many opportunities for discovering some little fishing port, or even a tiny island, where one can be entirely free from more than an occasional fellow-countryman. The botanist and conchologist will both find much that is interesting in the maritime region. Brittany is also a paradise for the archæologist, for no other part of Europe is richer in prehistoric stone monuments.

Wherever one travels in Brittany one encounters colourful history, much of it linked with the English armies which in the Middle Ages fought and shed their blood on its soil. Memories also remain of the ceaseless conflicts with English sea-power, when the corsairs of Saint-Malo inflicted many twists of the lion's tail. I would say that a copy of Froissart's *Chronicles* (obtainable in the "Everyman" Series) is an almost indispensable companion for the traveller in these regions.

The most popular part of Brittany with British visitors is undoubtedly the "Emerald Coast," which extends east and west of Dinard, its largest resort. Lesser resorts favoured by travel agents include St. Lunaire, St. Briac, St. Cast, Sables-d'Or-les-Pins, and Le Val-André. All these places have excellent bathing beaches, together with facilities for sport and popular entertainment, while they are well situated for interesting excursions. Undoubtedly too, the fact that they can all be reached easily from the port of St. Malo is an added recommendation, especially for parents with young children. At the same time they might hardly suit the individual who prefers to escape from crowds of his fellow-countrymen.

Further west, but still conveniently linked by bus service with Dinard, are Perros-Guirec, Trégastel and Trébeurden, all frequented resorts (but not too anglicised) on a magnificent rocky coast interspersed with fine bathing beaches. At the same time there are several small, picturesque fishing ports, where the seeker after simplicity will surely be satisfied. Between Paimpol and Perros-Guirec, for instance, is some of the wildest scenery of Brittany's northern coast, and my suggestion to anyone seeking an idyllic holiday retreat would be to start off with Tréguier as a base and then make one's own selection. This search should include the small island of Bréhat, where the climate is exceptionally mild and there is sub-tropical vegetation.

Tréguier itself is a charming little town with an atmosphere of medieval monastic calm. Founded by Tutwal, a Cornish abbot in the fifth century, it was the birthplace of St. Yves, patron saint of lawyers and the most popular saint in Brittany. The small cathedral is a splendid specimen of Gothic

THE OLD HOUSES OF TREGUIER: This small tidal port and former episcopal city lies on the River Jaudy about 5½ miles from the open sea. Tréguier has an ancient Gothic cathedral dating mainly from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. To an earlier date belongs Hastings' Tower, named after a pirate. The spire, *ajouree*, or pierced, dates from the 18th century and is over 200 ft. high.

THE RETURN OF BAEDEKER

For generations of travellers prior to the last war the terms "guide-book" and "Baedeker" were almost synonymous. Their comprehensiveness met the requirements of most tastes, while their accuracy was proverbial. Moving with the times, this famous publishing firm is now producing a series of autoguides, of which the first English edition is now available. It deals with Switzerland, and its cost is 30s. No motorist to that country should fail to carry a copy with him. It is, indeed, an indispensable companion, for it contains detailed descriptions of all the roads that are of importance to tourists, with everything they might want to know. In addition, there is a general survey of the country and the people, practical information, and an excellent gazetteer. There are 36 maps and plans, which are unexcelled for lucidity. Altogether, this new Baedeker remains, for all practical purposes, the supreme guide-book.

rchitecture, with admirable steeples nd bell-towers, while its cloisters are xquisite. Nearby is the war memorial howing a cloaked Breton mother humb with grief. Along with the war nemorial in Rovaniemi (Finland), mentioned in my last article, it is the nost moving monument of its kind I have seen. It contrasts rather strangely with the statue of Ernest Renan, another son of Tréguier, which stands in the little cathedral square. The figure looks like a corpulent pork-butcher in frockcoat and creased trousers sprawling on a bench.

Between Trébeurden and Brest lies the wild, rocky coast of Finistère. Dotted here and there are several little fishing ports, including the minor resorts of Locquirec, Primel-Trégastel, Carantec, and Roscoff; they are all reached from Morlaix. Roscoff has considerable historical interest, for it was here that Mary Stuart (then a child of five) landed in 1548, when on her way to be betrothed to the Dauphin Francis. In 1746, Prince Charles Edward Stuart also landed here after escaping from Scotland following his unsuccessful attempt to gain a throne. All Scots will view this landing spot, marked by a tablet, with emotion. Incidentally, it is from this corner of Brittany that the onion-sellers come to hawk their wares to British housewives.

Running south-west from Brest and facing the Atlantic is my favourite part of the Breton coast. Here are some delightful holiday resorts: Morgat, with a tiny harbour in Cornish style; Tréboul, a fishing port with a popular beach; Benodet, picturesquely situated on the estuary of the Odet; Beg-Meil, an exquisite spot and most peaceful; Concarneau, a walled town beloved by artists; and Port-Manech, with its excellent luxury hotel, the Julia, whose dreamlike environment matches its superb cuisine. Considerably further on there is La Baule, one of the finest seaside resorts in Europe, and much favoured by smart Parisians. It offers a six-mile stretch of gently sloping sand, facilities for riding, fishing, shooting and golf, yachting regattas, and entertainments of all kinds, including good excursions. This is certainly the place to choose if you want a lively spot, and it can be reached direct by air from London Airport in 105 minutes, with services provided by Air France and Eagle Airways.

THE WALLED CITY OF DINAN: Set on a high hill overlooking the slow-flowing River Rance, Dinan affords noble views in almost every direction. In the Place du Champ Clos a granite obelisk commemorates a famous duel between Du Guesclin and an English knight, Thomas of Canterbury. Dinan is accessible from Dinard and St. Malo. It can be reached from both places by road, rail or river boat.

No mention of the coast of Brittany would be complete without consideration of the many islands which lie off-shore. On a few of them, such as Bréhat, Batz, Groix and Belle-Ile, simple accommodation is available, but their appeal is to enthusiastic island-lovers. To the seeker after new experiences, there are Ouessant and Sein. Both offer a curious fascination, not least because on them you can, during periods of storm, feel the tremendous force of the sea. Here, too, the people still maintain strange customs and habits. On Ouessant, for instance, with its many visible indications of Druidic and pre-Druidic worship, they have the *proellas*, or symbolical funerals of sailors lost at sea. For every able-bodied man on both these remote isles is a seaman.

Legend has it that Sein was in Druidic times the home of nine sacred Virgins, who were consulted as oracles by the few who ventured out to this flat and bare island, girt around with dangerous reefs, swept by the winds and bathed in the sea-mist. Because of the poverty of the inhabitants, it is the only part of France where there is no taxation. The single village is remarkable for its narrow streets, none being more than 4 ft. wide. Seaweed is used for food, fuel and stuffing mattresses.

While the coast of Brittany is the major holiday attraction for those who like to explore the countryside I can recommend Quimper, the capital of Cornouaille, as being the best centre. This small town has also an enchantment of its own, with crooked streets, ancient houses, tree-bordered quays, and, dominating all, its lovely cathedral spire. There, too, you can see the rich variety of local costumes.

Two other centres which would help a traveller to visit considerable areas of Western and Northern Brittany (because of the excellence of their communications) are Landerneau and Morlaix.

In this brief survey of Brittany I have only space to make mention of Saint-Pol-de-Léon, Saint-Thégonnec, Saint-Anne-d'Auray, notable for its annual "Pardon", Carnac, Nantes, medieval Vannes, Fougères, and the walled town of Dinan. When the time comes for you to say *au revoir* to this part of France, I feel you will echo in your heart these two lines from a Breton poem:

O Breiz-Izel! O kaéro brô!
Koad enn hé c'breiz, môr enn hé zrô!
("O Brittany!. O lovely land!
Forest amidst, sea all around!")

THE WALLS AND HARBOUR OF CONCARNEAU: This important commercial and fishing port is also a pleasant bathing resort and centre for excursions. The oldest part of the town is the fortified island known as the Ville-Close which is to-day connected by a short bridge with the Place Jean-Jaurès, the tree-bordered centre of Concarneau. The ramparts of Ville-Close overlook the inner harbour.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

French Government Tourist Office, 178, *Piccadilly*, *London*, *W.*1. *There are also local information offices* (Syndicats d'Initiative) *in almost every resort and town, including an important one in Quimper which embraces Finistère.*
Air France, 52, *Haymarket*, *S.W.*1.
Air Charter Ltd., 92, *Buckingham Palace Road*, *S.W.*1.
Sir Henry Lunn Ltd., 36, *Edgware Road*, *Marble Arch*, *W.*2.
Erna Low Travel Service Ltd., 47, *Old Brompton Road*, *S.W.*7.
Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd., *Berkeley Street*, *W.*1.
Frames' Tours Ltd., 25-31, *Tavistock Place*, *W.C.*1.

The World of Books: By VERNON FANE

An Anatomy of Newspapers

A Survey of the Press; New Books on the Brownings and Schumann; Dangerous Safari; Malta, Past and Present; H. M. Tomlinson's New Novel and other Fiction

I HAVE often wondered whether people not connected with the Press really have any deep interest in its status, its responsibility and its power—or lack of it. To those who have even a tenuous connection with newspapers, the subject is, of course, endlessly fascinating and a matter for much talking and writing. Mr. Francis Williams, who, as a newspaperman, has covered most sides of the business from crime reporting to editing a national newspaper, has written a study of the anatomy of newspapers, DANGEROUS ESTATE (Longmans. 24s.). It is comprehensive, scholarly, highly readable and opens with the interesting statement that "No other people on earth are such avid readers of newspapers as the British."

Back to the past century and to two people who were little concerned with the Press. Mr. Dallas Kenmare's study, THE BROWNING LOVE-STORY (Peter Owen. 21s.) is based on the famous love-letters between the two poets and is, in fact, a very much abridged version of some of these; enough, though, to show not only the passion between these two extraordinary people but a discouraging glimpse of Victorian domestic life—at least, as it was lived if you had Mr. Barrett for a father.

TRAGIC MUSE (Hutchinson. 21s.) is Dr. Percy M. Young's biography of Robert Schumann to commemorate the centenary of the composer's death. Schumann as a musician and Schumann as the hero of a love-story are discussed in this authoritative work. It is also a record of the first half of the nineteenth century in Europe, in so far as it concerned the composer.

AUTHOR OF A NEW NOVEL: Mr. Gerald Hanley's latest book, *Without Love* (Collins. 13s. 6d.), was published at the beginning of this month. The story concerns the perverted ideals of a Communist. Mr. Hanley's previous novels include *The Consul at Sunset*.

Mr. Lewis Cotlow is a traveller and explorer *par excellence* and, if the word may be taken in its ancient and honourable meaning, an adventurer. He is also the type of hunter who follows game not with a gun but a camera—an exceedingly risky proposition, as some of the illustrations in ZANZABUKU (Robert Hale. 18s.) will testify. Incidentally, *zanzabuku* means "dangerous safari." There has apparently been a film that was made from the material in this book, but, as far as I am concerned, Mr. Cotlow's printed record of his experiences in parts of Africa is quite exciting enough. The photographs, some of them taken within a few feet of charging rhinos, should be enough to endorse this opinion.

THE BRASS DOLPHINS (Secker and Warburg. 25s.) is Mr. Christopher Kininmonth's account of Malta, the George Cross island. The title was suggested by the form of the door-knockers found on so many of the bigger houses in Valetta, and they are evocative of the days when Malta was actively concerned in the great trade between the East and the West. Mr. Kininmonth writes with great enthusiasm about the island which is his living-place, about Gozo, a smaller place in the Maltese archipelago, and about the history and beauties of both.

The history of Malta goes back for thousands of years, and every year, even within our own times, adds to the highly individual nature of its traditions. More than 100 years ago Malta meant the birthplace of a beloved wife to a young man called Thomas Collings, who was slightly hunched of back, had the use of only one arm and lived to an advanced age to be a considerable naval figure. J. B. Hedderwick now writes about her great-grandfather in an intimate and entertaining biography, THE CAPTAIN'S CLERK (Hutchinson. 21s.), based on his own tidily-recorded life stories.

FISHING DAYS (Cassell. 21s.) is the completely explanatory title of a book by Mr. John Unett, whose devotion to the sport is likely to strike an answering spark from fellow-devotees, and a more cautious glow from people who like reading about such exploits without any great desire to plunge into lochs and rivers themselves. A serious and rather charming work.

When Mr. H. M. Tomlinson writes a new novel, it is a matter for comment and so by virtue of seniority in this field, and for other reasons, THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) begins the list of the novels this week. There is a sailor in it, as most of us would demand in a Tomlinson book, and there is a trace of an airman and some words of wisdom about a farmer. But the sea, even by inference, dominates this story of World War II.

GREAT CIRCLE (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) seems to follow naturally only because it, too, is a novel by a man who knows and understands sail. In this case the period is the 1840's and the subject a whaling voyage round the Horn. As Mr. Robert Carse tells it, tersely and without trimmings, it makes lively reading: tough, fast-moving and altogether believable.

THE FLOWING TIDE (Macmillan. 15s.) has only its title in common with the last two books, for it is first, last and most of the time a story about land. It is, indeed, not so much a novel as a practical account of post-war farming on a small scale in Ireland. The plot could be called gossamer if it were not visible from such a distance, but the people who make it move seem like real people. Winefride Nolan also gives the reader an unsentimental picture of the Irish countryside.

Mr. Jon Manchip White, in NO HOME BUT HEAVEN (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), deals with the problem, constant if unrecognised, of the relationship between the gypsy and the rest of society. As usual, this writer gives an impression—probably justified—of authority and grasp of his subject and manages to write quite a gripping tale into the bargain.

THE BIG FELLA (Collins. 16s.) is a novel by Mr. Henry Clune about that side of American politics which sometimes puzzles English readers, not entirely because of the rather clumsy attempts at graft but because of the acceptance of graft as an inevitable part of the political machine. The flamboyant central figure of this long and emotional story is a politician in a small city, whose determination to gain power and eventually the office of Governor is far stronger than his affection for his wife or child.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT (Longmans. 13s. 6d.) is concerned with problems on a vaster scale than personal ambitions. This novel by M. Jean Bloch-Michel, translated from the French original, is about a man and wife in a city under bombardment who set off to travel towards some kind of safety with their small children. The country and the enemy are neither named nor hinted at and, in any case, identification is no part of the story's plan, which is to show a small group of ordinary good people fighting not only for survival but for a life that can be lived together. Simple and moving.

Mr. Guy Richards has written a satirical novel about the advent of a Soviet Army in New York, which is not as funny as Saki's memorable *When William Came*, but is written both intelligently and with a certain sense of drama. BROTHER BEAR (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) moves a trifle slowly, however, for this type of story and its over-all effect is more depressing than daunting.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHASE (Cresset Press. 13s. 6d.) is Mr. Robert Bright's light-hearted tribute to the magic of spring, youth, Paris and love. It is amusing to read and, even more, conveys the impression that it was fun to write. The skittish and appropriate little illustrations are by Mircea Vasiliu.

The single thriller—or rather, detective story—of the week is Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts' ANYTHING TO DECLARE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), an Inspector French story and one of the very best in an excellent and long-lived series.

IN OTHER LANDS

Some 1,200 illustrations make up **A PICTURE HISTORY OF RUSSIA**, *edited by John Stuart Martin* (Arco Publishers. 42s.). *It is a comprehensive account from the earliest times to the present day. A useful appendix consists of a chronology of important dates in Russian and contemporary history.*

In the new edition of **U.S.A.—ITS GEOGRAPHY AND GROWTH** (John Murray. 10s. 6d.) *many new pictures and a thoroughly revised text take the reader to all parts of the vast territory of the United States.*

JAPAN, *edited by Doré Ogrizek* (McGraw-Hill. 30s.), *is an addition to the World in Colour Series. Charming illustrations assist in the exposition of all sides of Japanese life. A chapter on Japanese manners is both informative and entertaining.*

From the summit of Cho Oyu, a 26,000-ft. giant of the Himalaya, a man may gaze across the peaks to Everest, Lhotse, Nuptse, Chamlang, Ama Dablam and other summits, all towering to above 20,000 ft. This is the roof of the world, and to stand there with the vast blue expanse of sky above, edged by the highest mountains of Asia, is an experience without parallel. In CHO OYU (Methuen. 25s.) Herbert Tichy tells of the conquest of this mountain by an Austrian expedition. The story is remarkable in many ways. First, because the Austrian climbers achieved their goal with so few resources; secondly, because Sherpas and sahibs were in every sense co-partners; and thirdly, because the conquest of Cho Oyu was achieved in the face of keen competition, the Austrians being surprised by the arrival of a Swiss-French party. Thus, in the final assault there was more than a hint of drama. Mr. Tichy's book is excellent, not only because it recounts a feat of outstanding moral courage and endurance, but because of its revelations of an enchanting land and its friendly people. The Austrians' return to Namche Bazar through the sunshine of the wind-sheltered valleys is a delightful piece of writing and some splendid photographs, taken both on and off the mountain, add greatly to the value of the book.

Here is a real pot-pourri of the sea. Douglas Duff, whose experience under sail and steam, in peace and war, has been considerable, tells us in SEA PIE (John Long. 16s.) of pirates, ancient and modern, treasure-hunting, skulduggery, ghost ships and much else besides. His theme is that anything can happen at sea, and in this salty narrative he goes far to proving his point. In a chapter entitled "cool cheek, resource and audacity," Mr. Duff describes the astonishing adventures of the *Ferret*, alias the *Benton*, alias the *Gladys*, which sailed into the blue from London River to be presumed

Cho Oyu Conquered

An Austrian Himalayan Expedition

lost at sea when the wreckage of her lifeboats drifted ashore off the coast of Portugal, and then turn up (each time her lines strangely altered) in Santos, in Cape Town, and Melbourne. Everywhere *Gladys* went the captain sold his cargo cheap and took on a fresh cargo which he sold at bargain rates in the next big port of call. What was in fact a great confidence trick of the sea finally broke down when a Customs official asked just one question too many, and the ringleaders ended up with seven years' penal servitude. This is only one of the stories of the astonishing things which can happen at sea. Douglas Duff deserves a hearty vote of thanks.

It is not particularly easy on this side of the world to whip up an interest in either the death-throes of the Japanese Navy in the Second World War or in the spirit that animated the crews of those ships which for a long time ranged supreme through vast tracts of the Pacific. The war in Asia and round the "under-belly" of that vast continent is less easy to glorify even than the war in Europe, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Andrieu d'Albas is a talented naval historian, however, and he is well qualified to write of Japanese sea power, for this captain of the French Navy has not only spent quite a part of his life in the Far East, but he married the daughter of Vice-Admiral Baron Yoshigoro Ito, a distinguished veteran of the Russo-Japanese War. In DEATH OF A NAVY (Robert Hale. 18s.) Captain d'Albas tells the story factually and well, painting in glowing colours the initial Japanese successes in a war which her naval leaders had opposed. The final disaster in the face of the mounting power of American might hardly evokes pity, but the author clearly expects our sympathies to be awakened by the warrior virtues and the extraordinary disregard for death that he himself finds so fascinating in the Japanese character.

Oliver Stewart's FIRST FLIGHTS (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.), besides being an exciting narrative, pin-points the great moments in aviation history. The book ranges from the ascent of the Montgolfier Balloon to the jet and turbo-jet pioneering of to-day, not forgetting the romantic '20's, when men like Lindbergh, Kingsford Smith, Bert Hinkler and Mollison pioneered the air routes of the world.

Here are two books of special interest to the scientifically-minded. John Pfeiffer's THE CHANGING UNIVERSE (Gollancz. 18s.) is really the story of the new astronomy, the first complete account of the use of radio to explore the heavens. Bart Bok, Professor of Astronomy at Harvard, writes the foreword. THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS (Robert Hale. 15s.), by Aimé Michel, is a most serious piece of scientific investigation. After reading it, even the most sceptical may find it hard to resist the thought that man is not the only creature in the universe endowed with reason.

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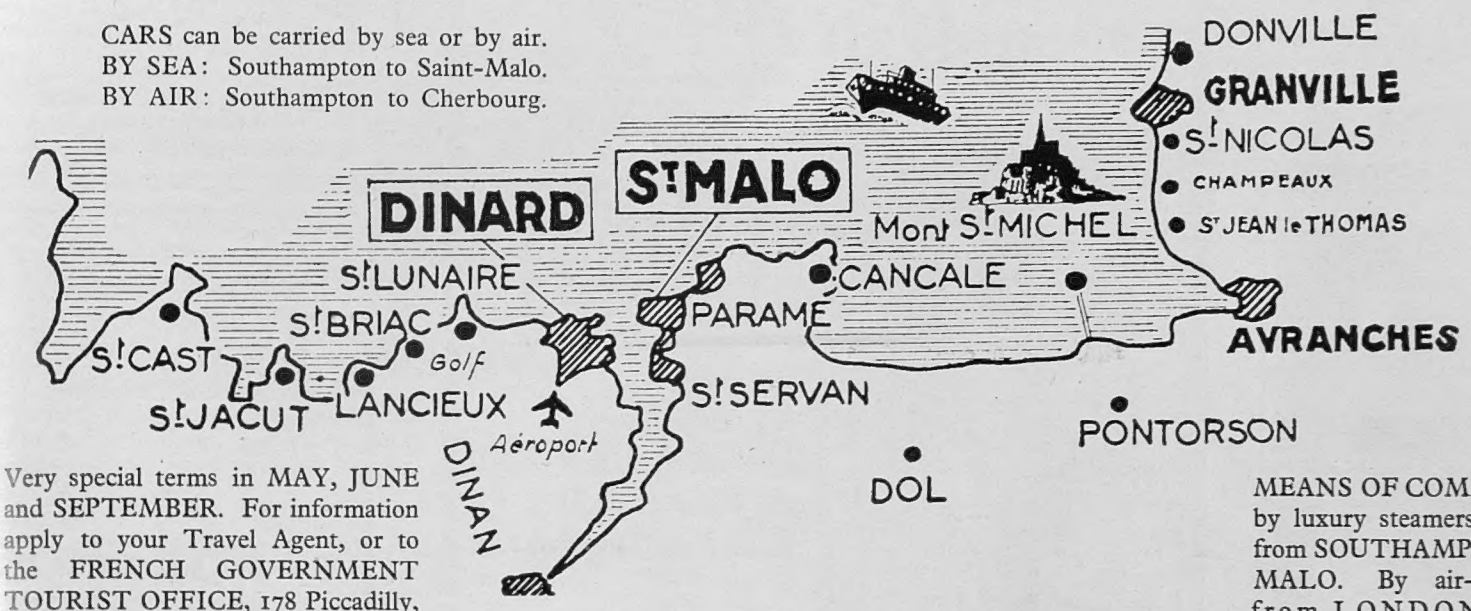

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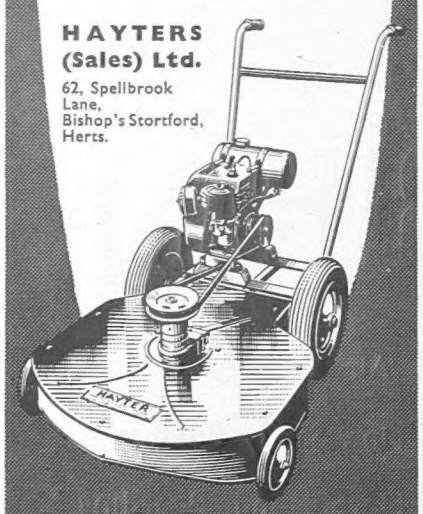

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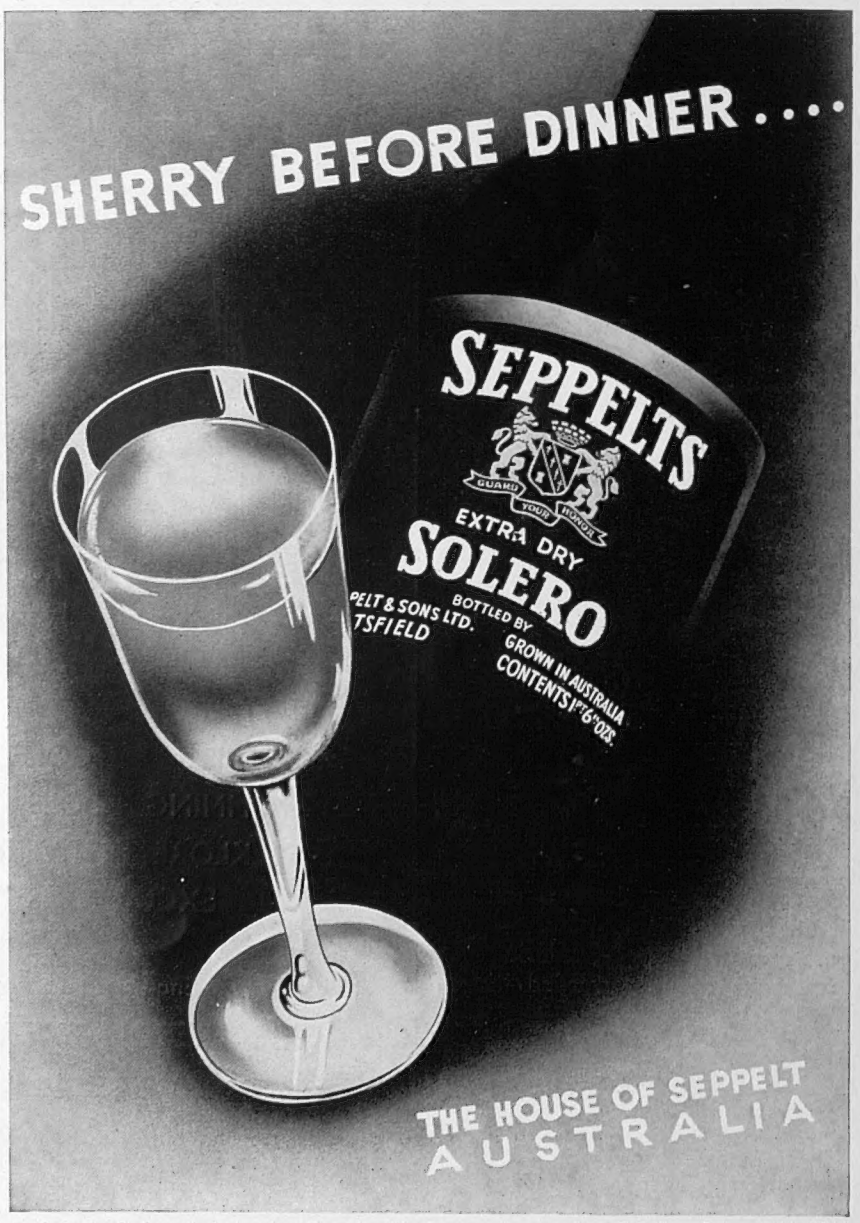

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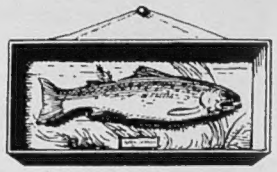

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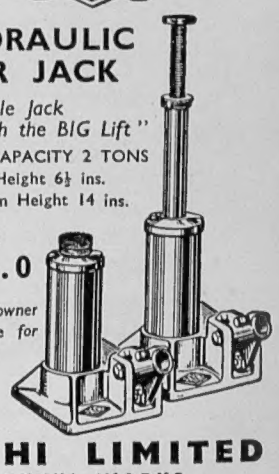

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

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IN NATURE'S CALENDAR, Easter, if it fell on a fixed date, would surely be accepted as the first day of the year. Everything in our woods and gardens is stirring with new life, and we with everything else living can feel that the trials of winter are behind us, and warmer, lighter days ahead.

Certainly from a holiday angle it is looked forward to more universally than Christmas : and the hardy annual problem looms up as to where to go. This year the issue is complicated by petrol limitations, and though undoubtedly many motorists have been simulating the squirrel and hoarding their winter coupons, I feel there will not be the same amount of " General Post " and we shall be content to seek pastures new within reasonable vicinity of our homes.

This is all to the good, both of hoteliers and the public. To greet new faces and sample fresh places broadens our outlook, and while I am sure that the accepted holiday resorts—inland or on the coast—will do as well as ever, weather permitting, I want this week to publicise some lesser-known hotels where to spend Easter will assure a happy holiday.

The main object of going to the seaside at Easter time is for the benefit of sea breezes, but if they can be attained by country lovers without being actually on the sea coast a dual purpose will be served.

So for Londoners and all who dwell between the Metropolis and the South Coast I will name a number of hotels within a few miles of the sea, some close by or adjoining the South Downs where anyone fixing up for Easter accommodation can look forward to this first holiday of the year with hopeful expectancy.

Between Bexhill and Eastbourne lies a ridge of hill divided from the coast road by the Pevensey Marshes. Here, near to Herstmonceux Castle, the present headquarters of what was once Greenwich Observatory, stands Whitefriars Hotel, one of my oldest recommendations. For the greater part of that time it has been owned by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wreford, who have established over the years a worthy reputation for cooking and all-round comfort. Not least among the pleasures of a stay at Whitefriars is their attractive garden which this year at Easter time should be looking resplendent in its spring creation.

For those who would like to be nearer the sea I recommend with considerable confidence Deans Place Hotel, on the verge of the historic village of Alfriston. Here one is literally on the South Downs with the infantile Cuckmere river twisting and turning down to the sea barely four miles away. Acquired in the last two years by a Mr. and Mrs. E. Cleugh, they have not only furnished the house most happily but they are setting a high standard in food and wine. Eastbourne is but a few miles distant with a good bus service. Those who come by train can be met at Berwick Station or Eastbourne if required.

For those who have a leaning for West Sussex, regular readers of this column will remember my mentioning, in a recent issue, Critchfield Guest House at Old Bosham which is just ideal for Easter be you a lover of country lanes or the waterways of Chichester Harbour. But I have other suggestions in this neighbourhood. There is, first, that old favourite of many, Chequers Hotel at Pulborough. One of the great advantages of this picturesque village, which has developed around a sandstone ridge overlooking the Arun, is its ease of proximity to London, Chichester and the Sussex coast by electric trains or Southdown Bus Service. A most agreeable holiday headquarters at any time of the year with Mrs. Stormont, a first-rate cook, and her husband, guide, philosopher and friend to every Chequers visitor. Licensed for wines and spirits (no bars) I would whisper to the seeker after vintage wines at most reasonable prices there were still some '49 Burgundies when I was there a month or so back.

Wherever you may happen to live, lovely country and good hotels lie within easy motoring or public transport reach. What opportunities are available to those of you who live in and around Leeds. Apart from such obvious Easter thoughts as Harrogate, Ilkley or Ripon, have you discovered as yet, The Forest and Vale Hotel, Pickering, where wonderful food can be enjoyed in most gracious surroundings. Farther north about 20 miles, and so probably nearer to the industrial and residential area of Stockton, Darlington and Middlesbrough, is that delightful, tucked-away village on the Cleveland Moors, Goathland. Stay at The Goathland Hydro Hotel. Though the name is a misnomer, for no hydropathic treatment is available, you will get the best " treatment " in the world, viz., honest-to-goodness cooking, produce from their home farm, and a particular breed of exhilarating air which is made up of equal parts of moorland and sea breezes impregnated with the scent of honey-laden heather.

Those whose vocations necessitate them living in East Lancashire, where there is little or no break from factory chimneys, have even more scope for getting away for short holidays, not only at Easter, but at other week-ends. Apart from the nearness of their seaboard with Southport, Lytham St. Annes, Blackpool and Morecambe competing for their patronage, there are country hotels tucked away almost at their doorsteps. I have in mind the sumptuous Eaves Hall Hotel, near Clitheroe, the popular Moorcock on the edge of the moors, and, though I have yet to stay there, the Shireburn Arms, near Whalley. Those who live in the industrial Midlands may have to forgo, on the score of distance, sea breezes this Eastertide. Yet what good fresh air lies within easy motoring reach. Which shall it be this year ? The Cotswolds, the Derbyshire Peaks and Dales, or the placid peacefulness of The Teme or Wye Valleys. For bracing air, scenery and the surety of good food, I will name three hotels. The Amberley Inn at Amberley, in the South Cotswolds; The Three Horseshoes at Blackshaw Moor, near Leek; and for country-house contentment Pengethley Hotel, St. Owen's Cross, whose entrance gates abut the Hereford–Ross-on-Wye Road.

If as yet I have not hit on the area in which you may be interested I shall be pleased to hear from you.

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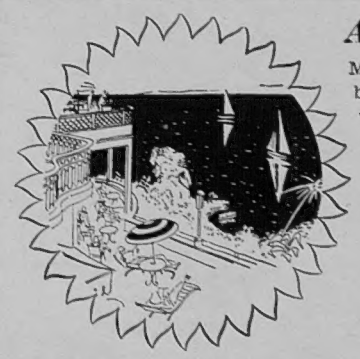

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